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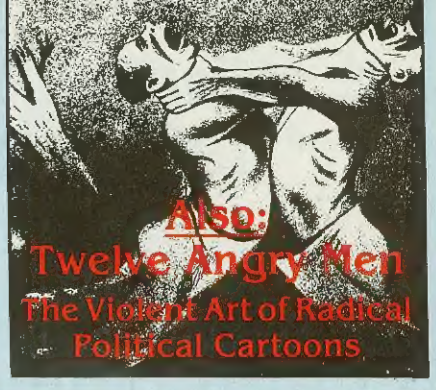

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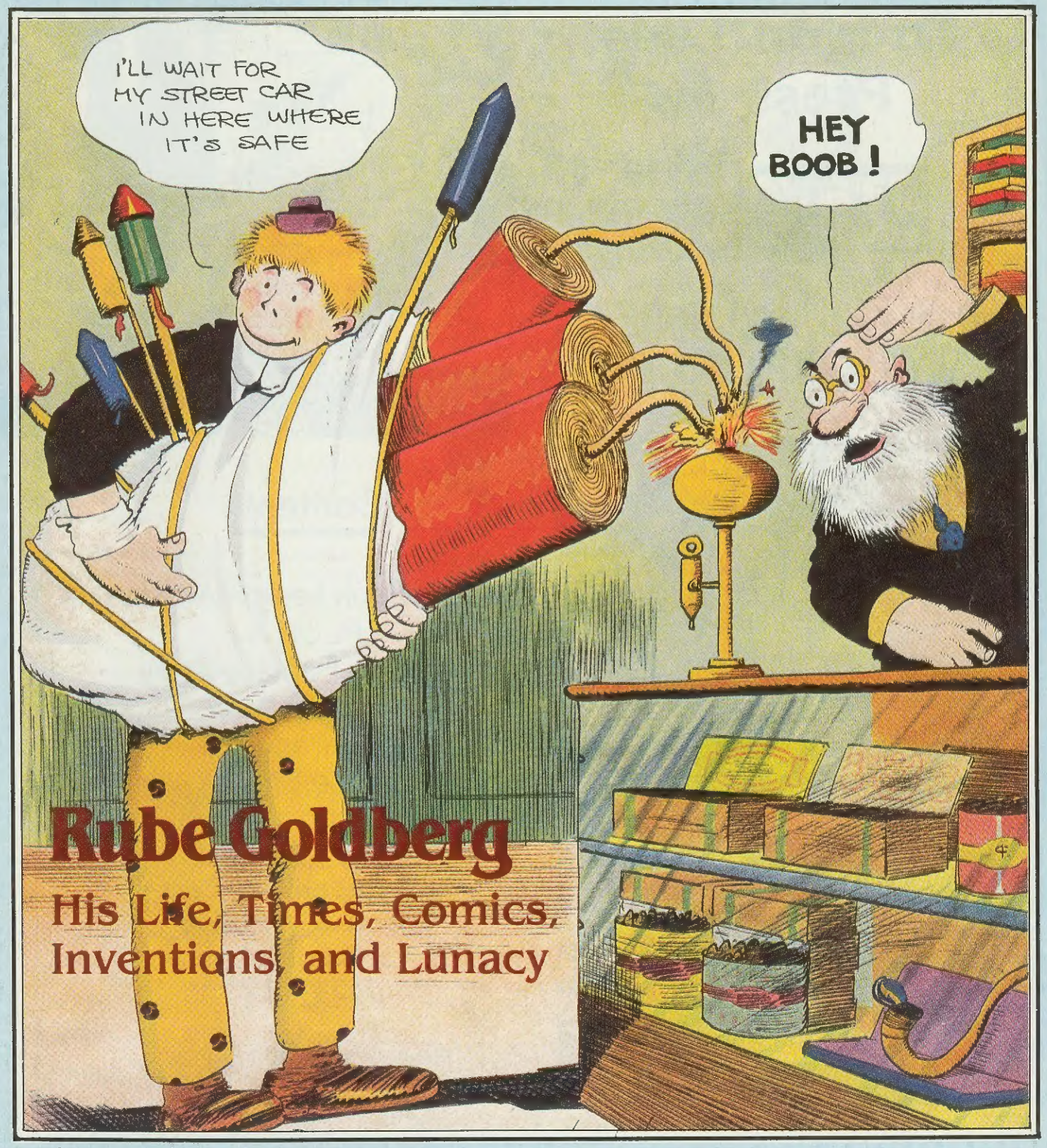


# Rube Goldberg

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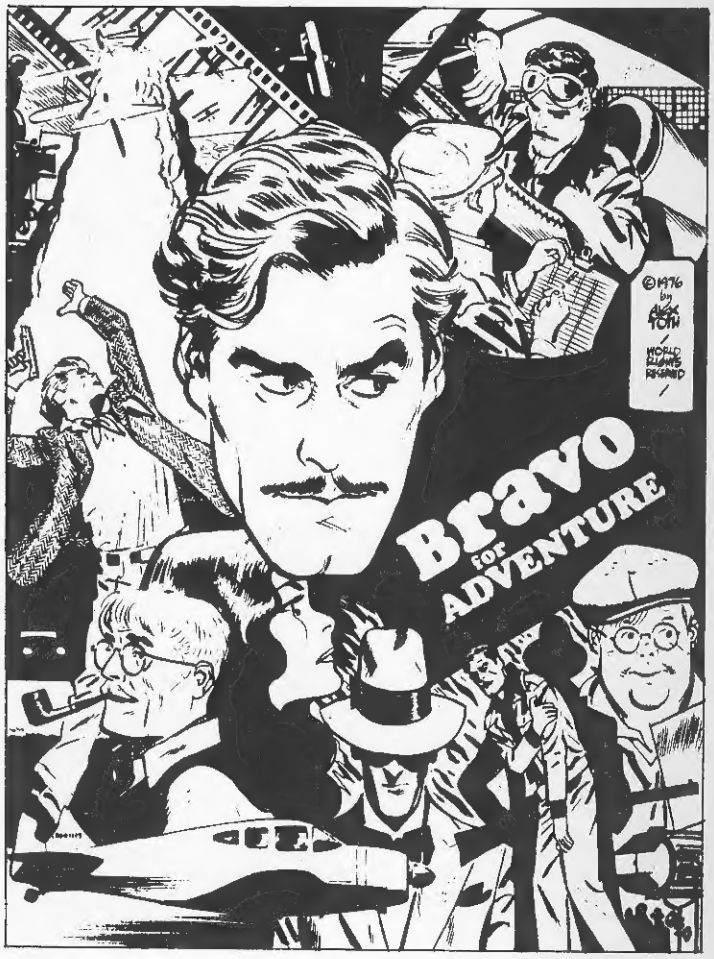


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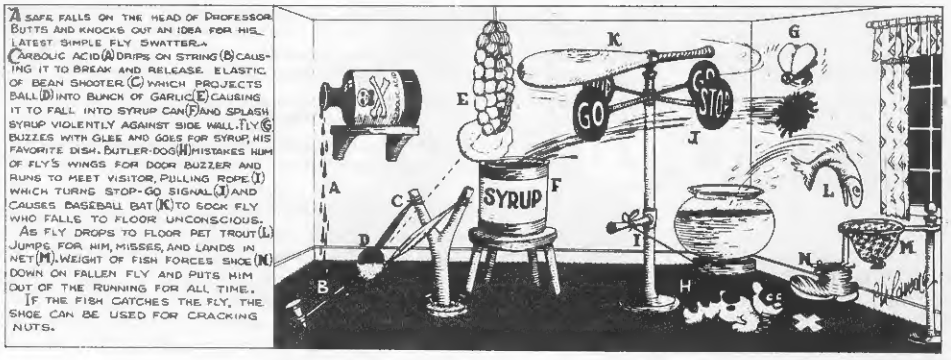
No. 24
Feb. '87

A Special Examination of an American Cartooning Legend.

# Rube Goldberg


A SAFE FALLS ON THE HEAD OF PROFESSOR BUTTS AND KNOCKS OUT AN IDEA FOR HIS LATEST SIMPLE FLY SWATTER.(A) CARBOLIC ACID (A) DRIPS ON STRING (B) CAUSING IT TO BREAK AND RELEASE ELASTIC OF BEAN SHOOTER (C) WHICH PROJECTS BALL (D) INTO BUNCH OF GARLIC (E) CAUSING IT TO FALL INTO SYRUP CAN (F) AND SPLASH SYRUP VIOLENTLY AGAINST SIDE WALL. FLY (G) BUZZES WITH GLEE AND GOES FOR SYRUP, HIS FAVORITE DISH. BUTLER-DOG (H) MISTAKES HIM OF FLY'S WINGS FOR DOOR BUZZER AND RUNS TO MEET VISITOR, PULLING ROPE (I) WHICH TURNS STOP-GO SIGNAL (J) AND CAUSES BASEBALL BAT (K) TO SOCK FLY WHO FALLS TO FLOOR UNCONSCIOUS. AS FLY DROPS TO FLOOR PET TROUT (L) JUMPS FOR HIM, MISSES, AND LANDS IN NET (M). WEIGHT OF FISH FORCES SHOE (N) DOWN ON FALLEN FLY AND PUTS HIM OUT OF THE RUNNING FOR ALL TIME. IF THE FISH CATCHES THE FLY, THE SHOE CAN BE USED FOR CRACKING NUTS.
SYRUP
GO
STOP

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**2** Exclusive material on the birth of *Superman*, including the never-before-seen original Siegel/Shuster fanzine version. Also: *Terry and the Pirates* concludes, Fred Harman, Art Young.

**8** All-*Little Orphan Annie* issue, including a complete reprint of a 1929 tale, an analysis of the series by Donald Phelps, and a biography of Harold Gray. Full-color Annie cover by Gray.

**10** Christmas issue, with a portfolio of cartoonists' Christmas cards. Also, Gustave Verbeek's *Upside-Downs*, Mell (*Miss Peach*) Lazarus interviewed, Ray Ewer, and *Mutt and Jeff*!

**11** *Sam's Strip*, by Walker and Browne, premieres; "Dwig's" cartoons; giant Charles Dana Gibson portfolio; James Montgomery Flagg remembered; and the forgotten antics of *Slim Jim*.

**12** The cartoonists who fought World War II; Frank King's most fantastic strip; Jack Williamson and Lee Elias's *Beyond Mars* SF strip; and penwoman Rose O'Neill.

**15** A long sequence from Milton Caniff's *Dickie Dare* reprinted; *Tim Tyler's Luck*; *Hairbreadth Harry* continues; an extra-long "European Heroes" installment; plus reviews and letters.

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**17** Special all-*Dick Tracy* issue, including a complete reprint of the brutal "Brow" sequence, a rare interview, and an in-depth study of Tracy by Donald Phelps. Extra pages!

**18** *Li'l Abner's* Al Capp is featured, with his final interview, a hilarious speech, and the complete 1955 "Bald Iggle" sequence. Also, the graphic art of Winsor McCay, and *Sam's Strip*.

**19** A classic episode of *Kerry Drake*, Andriola's detective strip; with *Big Chief Wahoo* in Hollywood; the political art of Frank King; and Penman of the Past Russell Patterson.

**20** Gustave Verbeek's classic *Terrors of the Tiny Tads*; R.B. Fuller's adventurous *Oaky Doaks*; *Sam's Strip*; letters; and an special pictorial spread on strip promotion art. Cover by Alex Raymond.

**21** A big helping of Jack Kent's classic *King Aroo*; a look at Percy Crosby's paintings of slum kids; and a complete '40s episode of Harold Gray's little-known Western series, *Little Joe*.

**22** A special collection of features on Jimmy Swinnerton, including a portfolio of rare work; plus *Joe Palooka*, the cartoons of John Held, Jr., and political cartoonists and the labor disputes.

**23** A complete episode of *Little Orphan Annie* from 1937; a look back at *Hi and Lois*; Fontaine Fox's assistant talks about working on *Toonerville Trolley*; and more great *Sam's Strip*.

**24** A special all-Rube Goldberg issue, including a long article on his work, two first-person piece by Rube, a complete checklist, portfolios of *Boob McNutt* Sunday pages and classic "Inventions."

**25** Edwina interviewed, with an episode of her *Cap Stubbs and Tipple*; Gene Ahern's earliest work; Milton Caniff in adland; and John Wheeler's reminiscences of Bud Fisher, TAD, and others.

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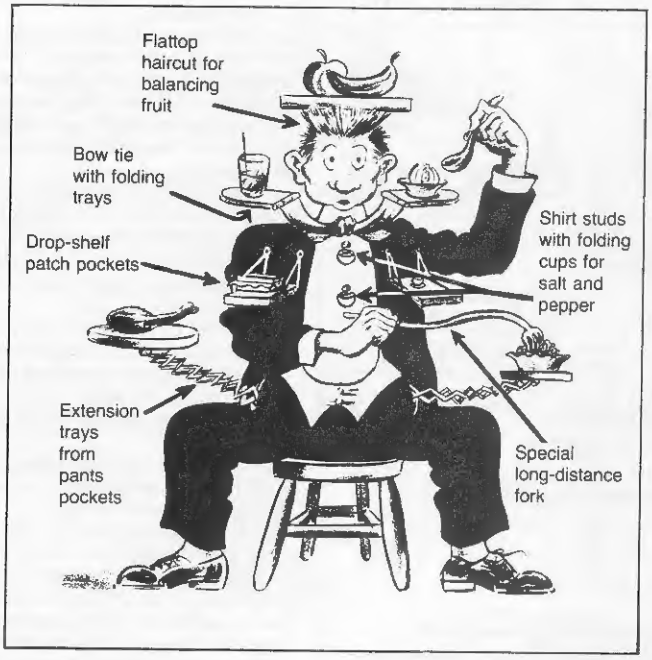
# Cartooning's Renaissance Man


Flattop haircut for balancing fruit
Bow tie with folding trays
Drop-shelf patch pockets
Shirt studs with folding cups for salt and pepper
Extension trays from pants pockets
Special long-distance fork

# The Many Comic Inventions of

# Rube Goldberg

## By Jim Ivey

"Rube Goldberg"

You'll find it in the dictionary.

It was good natured, zany, breezy, thought provoking, full of fun.

It was born in Independence Day, 1883, and passed away on Pearl Harbor Day, 1970.

It smoked cigars.

"It" was one of the greatest cartoonists of all time.

Gerald W. Johnson described Rube Goldberg as a satirist—not of fads and fancies—but of rationality.

Satirist of rationality. That was Rube at his best.

Goldberg's work was always good humored. There was never any malice. He tackled almost every type of cartoon—sports, comic and adventure strips, animation, political, advertising, book illustration and a type of cartoon no one has been able to come close to emulating: what he liked to call his human interest cartoons of 1910-34. Few have shown so much versatility.

DAY'S SPORTS
AMATEUR TARS HAVE A MERRY TIME
THE WEATHER WAS RICH AND RARE
WISE AND GAILEY DOING THE FLAT-IRON DIVE
AND THE NATIVES RUBBERED
WALKING THE GREASED POLE
COMMODORE MORROW "THE MAIN GUY"
From the collection of Jim Ivey

**One of Goldberg's earliest sports cartoons (August 5, 1904).**

One has to balance his judgment on Rube Goldberg.

His earlier work, done prior to 1930, was simply sensational. He was delightfully inventive, zany in ideas and drawing!

Reading through Goldberg's first 25 years' output is a joy. One long laugh-smile-chuckle-guffaw of constant discovery. What comes after seems disappointing. We expect more from him . . .

Actually his work was adequate to the end, in comparison to his colleagues. But Goldberg was so great at the beginning that one expects higher standards from him.

It's almost as if he were two different cartoonists.

Goldberg was a genuine comic genius, beyond a doubt. That he couldn't maintain his early pace is our loss, but it only proves that Rube was human, after all.

Considering his eccentric creations, Rube Goldberg lived a normal, even exemplary, personal life.

He married a beautiful girl, Irma Seeman; he even asked her father, a wealthy wholesale grocer, for her hand in the traditional way. They had two bright children, Tom and George, both successful—Tom as an artist and George as a writer and producer. It was a till-death-do-us-part marriage.

Goldberg reported that he was shy as a child. As an adult he was convivial, belonging to many social and professional clubs. He was a superb after-dinner speaker.

For what it's worth, a caricaturist once told me that he could always tell an extrovert by his large ears. Rube had enormous, LBJ-sized ears.

Goldberg once wrote, "Shy, untalkative persons are usually the best observers," and he evidently observed well when he was small. He got background material for his social and political commentaries by watching the parade of house guests visiting his father, a San Francisco politician.

His father, Max, didn't care for Rube's ambition to become an artist; he insisted that his son study engineering at the University of California at Berkeley. What little art training Rube received came from a sign painter who had high artistic ideals but little success in the field.

After a short stint as a designer of sewers for the city of San Francisco, Rube quit to work as a sports cartoonist for the *San Francisco Chronicle* in 1904. Shortly thereafter he switched to the *Bulletin,* and finally, with his father's reluctant best wishes, set out for New York to make his mark, in late 1906.

And make his mark he did! Within two years his cartoons were the talk of the city, and within three years, they were syndicated across America; by 1918 *Boob McNutt* was widely syndicated by Hearst's Star Company. In 1921 the McNaught Syndicate was formed, in part in order to distribute Rube's cartoons. Between 1915 and 1930, he reportedly made one and a half million dollars.

Rube dabbled in vaudeville, doing chalktalks. He wrote a song based on a cartoon series, *I'm The Guy.* He tried animating his cartoons with success until he discovered it took too much of his time and energy doing all of the many drawings required for animation.

Goldberg quit cartooning in 1934 after a disastrous attempt at writing and drawing a continuity strip. He turned to humorous articles and short stories for popular magazines, which he had previously contributed. (He had also written the screenplay for the Three Stooges movie "Soup to Nuts!" in 1930, but found working conditions too harsh to continue in Hollywood.)

Goldberg returned to cartooning in 1936 with a new strip, *Lala Palooza,* but this fizzled in less than two years; he drew yet another Sunday cartoon, *Sideshow,* until 1940.

In 1938, he entered an entirely new field—political cartooning. He drew for the *New York Sun,* and won the Pulitzer Prize 10 years later.

By 1964 he'd tired of the political scene, but he had already found his new challenge—comic sculpture.

As his longtime assistant, Warren King, said: "Work was his nutrition . . . he was a perfectionist and worked tirelessly, saying, 'What else is there to do?'"

He was good humored, handsome, erect (even in his eighties), with a ready smile and a joke on his lips (which were usually wrapped around a cigar).

It is interesting to note that Rube was never in need; his father was wealthy and he, of course, made his own fortune. Like Toulouse-Lautrec, he drew for the love of it. Bob Dunn, ex-president of the National Cartoonists Society (which Goldberg had founded in 1945), summed it up in his eulogy to Rube: "He was the happiest man I ever knew."

The Smithsonian Institution had a memorial exhibition honoring Goldberg in 1970. What emotions he must have felt reviewing his past achievements! His voice hushed with cancer, he kept murmuring, "Where the hell did they get this?" It was his final triumph; he went home to work on another comic statue, and passed away less than two weeks later.

The author had an interview in depth with Goldberg on June 10, 1964, and had I seen him before and after that date. I had collected all of his books, had managed to get several of his original cartoons, including a political cartoon that he inscribed to me. I had located long runs of all of his strips. He was, frankly, one of my greatest idols.

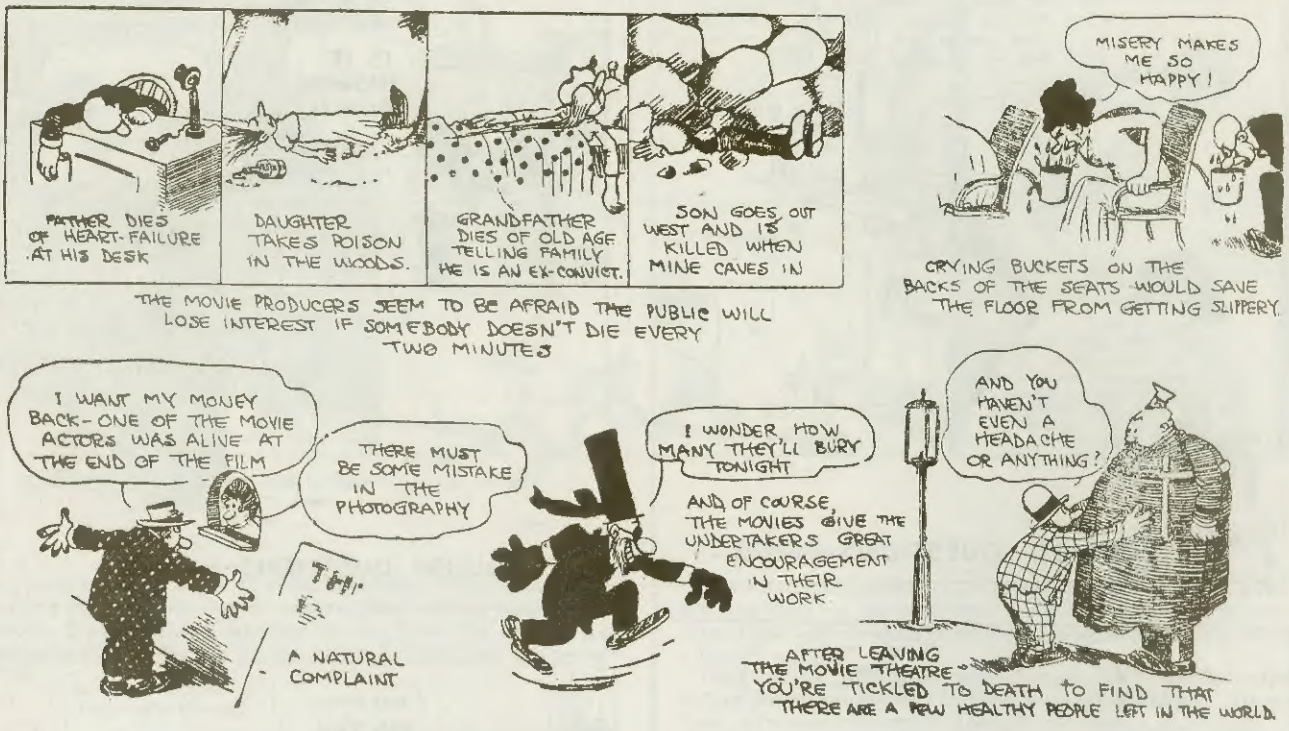
(A session with him was on a par with only three other cartoonists I have met: Herblock, in Washington, D.C., in 1953; David Low in London in 1959; and Roy Crane in Florida in 1971. Low was, as expected, somewhat formal; Herblock was informal and Mid-western friendly; and Crane always made you feel comfortable in his soft-spoken style. Rube Goldberg was all smiles. A warmer person you'd never meet.)

I still have my notes from that interview. I wrote a short news story for the *San Francisco Examiner* that ran the next day; I

Light and Shadow in the Police Court.
NIX! I'M FOR A ROMEO PRAPPS'
LET'S GO AND HAVE A DOG FRITTER.
Bill turned upon her a look of amazed wonder.
From the collection of Jim Ivey

**December 8, 1905.**

## It Is Surprising There Are Any Movie Actors Left After Looking at the Films.


FATHER DIES OF HEART-FAILURE AT HIS DESK
DAUGHTER TAKES POISON IN THE WOODS.
GRANDFATHER DIES OF OLD AGE TELLING FAMILY HE IS AN EX-CONVICT.
SON GOES OUT WEST AND IS KILLED WHEN MINE CAVES IN
THE MOVIE PRODUCERS SEEM TO BE AFRAID THE PUBLIC WILL LOSE INTEREST IF SOMEBODY DOESN'T DIE EVERY TWO MINUTES
MISERY MAKES ME SO HAPPY!
CRYING BUCKETS ON THE BACKS OF THE SEATS WOULD SAVE THE FLOOR FROM GETTING SLIPPERY.
I WANT MY MONEY BACK - ONE OF THE MOVIE ACTORS WAS ALIVE AT THE END OF THE FILM
THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE IN THE PHOTOGRAPHY
A NATURAL COMPLAINT
I WONDER HOW MANY THEY'LL BURY TONIGHT
AND OF COURSE, THE MOVIES GIVE THE UNDERTAKERS GREAT ENCOURAGEMENT IN THEIR WORK
AND YOU HAVEN'T EVEN A HEADACHE OR ANYTHING?
AFTER LEAVING THE MOVIE THEATRE YOU'RE TICKLED TO DEATH TO FIND THAT THERE ARE A FEW HEALTHY PEOPLE LEFT IN THE WORLD.

From the collection of Jim Ivey

Circa 1916.

was interviewing cartoonists who came to San Francisco in the 1960s.

Rube was in town for the 60th reunion of his college graduating class ("At our 50th reunion in 1954, only 65 out of 500 were around to attend.") He was also there to formally donate the contents of three large crates to the Bancroft Library at Berkeley. These consisted of vast numbers of original cartoons and files from his many years of cartooning.

(As a sidelight to this, I was one of those approached to appraise his cartoon donations. The main appraiser was aghast at my total figure; I had figured $100 per original as a conservative figure. Today his cartoons bring very high prices.)

"I decided to donate them, as your stuff tends to get thrown out eventually—as you well know as a collector," Rube told me.

In 1962 the San Francisco Museum of Art exhibited a group of original cartoons—the first recognition by the museum, I was given to understand, of the art-form—entitled "The Cartoon from Gillray to Goldberg." Rube wrote the foreword. He did an excellent job of it (though I question that Nast ever worked on chalkplates):

*When Jim Ivey invited me to contribute the foreword to the catalogue of his cartoon exhibit I welcomed the idea with enthusiasm. San Francisco and cartoons! My original home and my profession. As a boy on Vallejo Street my avid interest in cartooning led me to familiarize myself with the early names represented in this fine collection of originals Jim Ivey has gathered from all parts of the world—Hogarth, Tenniel, Nast, Keppler, May, Daumier, Davenport, Kemble, and all the others.*

*The San Francisco Museum of Art displays courage and imagination in bringing these originals before Californians who are interested in the creative arts. There are those, unfamiliar with the great scope of cartooning, who believe that cartoonists are irresponsible zanies accidentally gifted with the facility of putting scrawls on paper to amuse the children. They do not realize that it is a painstaking craft—a calling that requires a vast fund of knowledge acquired through concentration and experience. Cartoons are drawn not only to amuse but to bring visual understanding of human foibles and social injustices.*

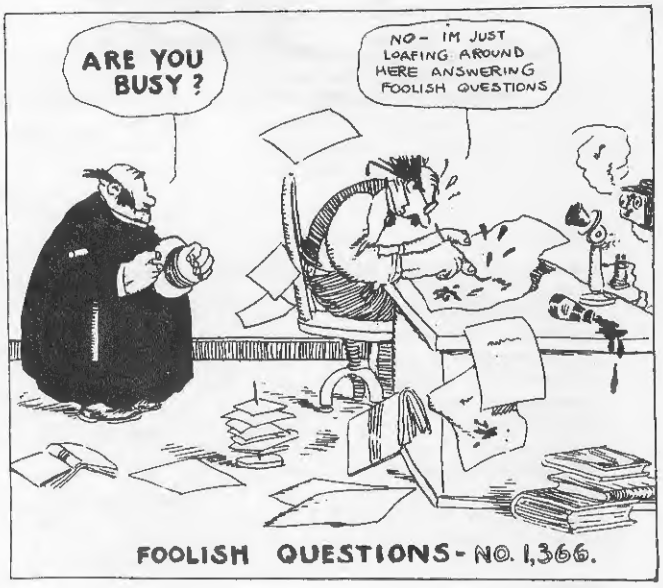
*These original works of art—and I say works of art advisedly—are preserved as a nostalgic example of pictorial records of their time rather than pictures to be treasured for their material value. This I can not quite understand. I am puzzled to find that a Matisse done with a thick, heavy crayon on a large piece of wrapping paper is worth more than a Thomas Nast done with a masterful technique on a difficult chalk plate. Nor why a Picasso scratched on the back of a French menu during a heavy meal is worth more than a Tad Dorgan inspired by the drama of a great sports event. Perhaps easel painting is traditionally placed on a higher plane than drawing board creations.*

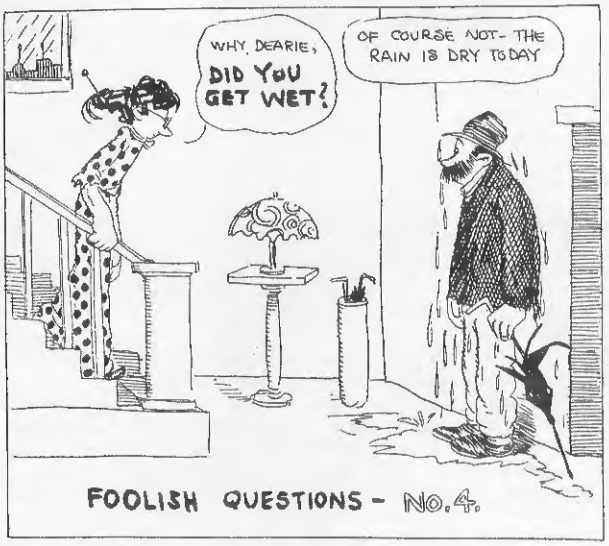
*But there are exceptions. Daumier is one cartoonist who has bridged the gap and found his way into expensive collections. May there be many more in the future—including some you see in this collection. Strangely enough, many of the abstract and the near-realistic painters of today are cartoonists whether they realize it or not.*

*An inspection of these works will show that no branch of cartooning is more important than another. The editorial cartoon, the comic strip, the story strip, the panel, the caricature—all require a keen sense of human values, and contribute their share of edification and amusement to the people of the world who, today, are harassed by crises over which they have no control."*

## Sports cartoons

Rube Goldberg got his first jobs, in San Francisco in 1904 and in New York in 1906, as a sports cartoonist. He had 10 of his cartoons accepted for publication in his first month on the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and he drew his first series seven months later—*James* (for Jimmy Brett, a California boxer) *and Jabez* (for Jabez White, an English boxer) *in Easyville*—quite an accomplishment for a novice within his first year.




From the collection of Richard Marschall

**A selection of Goldberg's *Foolish Questions* which originally ran as fillers in his sports cartoons, and later gathered together for his first book collection (1909).**

Goldberg's style was awkward at first, but signs of his mature style showed up in his cartoons during his San Francisco years. He started his writing career not long after starting his cartoon career, doing colorful sports stories that accompanied his cartoons in the *Chronicle*.

He left the *Chronicle* to replace TAD (Thomas A. Dorgan) on the *Bulletin;* TAD was headed for New York after being hired by William Randolph Hearst. Goldberg was replaced by an artist named Robert Brooks.

Rube Goldberg survived the San Francisco earthquake on April 18, 1906, and handled the misfortunes with lighthearted humor in his sports cartoon, "What most sportingmen are doing—living the simple life close to nature." Rube was showing real maturity.

Rube told me that Hearst had hired all the top San Francisco cartoon talent but himself, and, when he received no call, he decided to go to New York under his own steam. For a once-shy kid, he had developed a lot of moxie. He made it quite clear in our interview that his ego was hurt by his not getting a summons from Hearst. He felt he was as good as, if not better than, the others who had preceeded him to fame in New York.

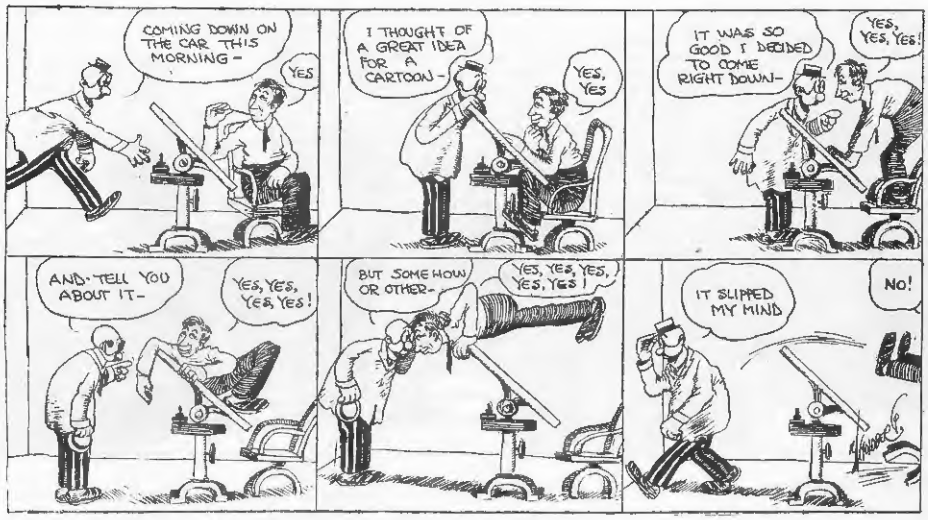
He went to New York, sure of his ability, in late 1906. After 12 unsuccessful job-hunting days, he reluctantly used a letter of introduction from the *Bulletin's* sports editor to the editor of the *New York Mail*. Once again, an editor turned him away.

But Goldberg persisted and talked the *Mail's* sports editor into giving him a trial. He proved himself and was hired at $50 a week.

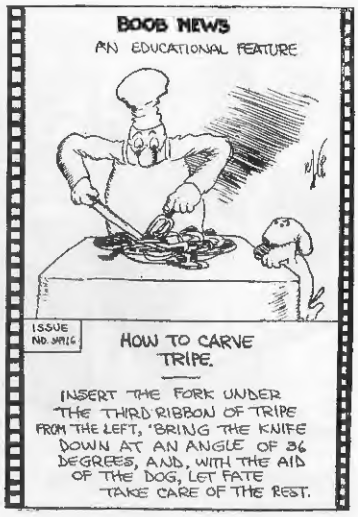
He became the *Mail's* personality in a few years, out-growing his sports cartoonist/writer spot.

Rube credited columnist Franklin P. Adams (F.P.A.) with giving him the idea for *Foolish Questions*, his first big hit series, which ran as space fillers in his sports cartoons after a few years at the *Mail*. They also ran as a color Sunday strip, syndicated in a small way by the McClure Syndicate (The *Chicago Tribune*, among other papers, carried them in 1909-10), and his first book was a collection of *Foolish Questions*, published in 1909 by Small, Maynard.

In his sports cartoons, Goldberg was following Thomas A.


COMING DOWN ON THE CAR THIS MORNING -
YES
I THOUGHT OF A GREAT IDEA FOR A CARTOON -
YES, YES
IT WAS SO GOOD I DECIDED TO COME RIGHT DOWN -
YES, YES, YES!
AND TELL YOU ABOUT IT -
YES, YES, YES, YES!
BUT SOME HOW OR OTHER -
YES, YES, YES, YES, YES!
IT SLIPPED MY MIND
NO!

"It May Have Been a Good Idea at That," July 10, 1916.


BOOB NEWS
AN EDUCATIONAL FEATURE
ISSUE NO. 3916
HOW TO CARVE TRIPE.
INSERT THE FORK UNDER THE THIRD RIBBON OF TRIPE FROM THE LEFT, BRING THE KNIFE DOWN AT AN ANGLE OF 36 DEGREES, AND, WITH THE AID OF THE DOG, LET FATE TAKE CARE OF THE REST.

From the collection of Jim Ivey

Dorgan's approach—an informal, irreverent attitude toward the games and players. But, of course, Rube always had his own touch. Sports was too limiting an area for either Goldberg or Dorgan; their talents were too big to be confined to any one field.

## Goldberg's Daily Cartoons

There is no typical daily Rube Goldberg cartoon from the 1910-34 period. These panels and strips centered on a dazzling variety of subject matter. Goldberg did repeat themes, but before anyone could tire of one there were half a dozen more.

These human-interest cartoons (Rube's phrase) sometimes were comments on current events, fads, or fashions; they oftentimes dealt with the human condition in general. Goldberg could sense the irony in things (the inept nomenclature of a forbidding "Welcome Inn"; the poor genius beside the wealthy boob); he could sniff out sham (snobs become gladhanders at election time; a couple sniff at a neighbor's beard while embracing a hirsute foreigner). He loved to use funny elements—at least they turned out funny when Rube drew them: acrobats, aardvarks, DSC cans, English sheepdogs, gorgonzola cheese, impossibly ridiculous statues, and floorlamps. But this doesn't begin to touch on Goldberg's variety; it was infinite. Day after day he worked his magic, always light, sometimes penetrating. His inspired production was impressive. Goldberg used a thin-line pen style—a "nervous line," some called it. He never overdrew; there was always a loose feeling about the art that added a breezy quality.

Paul Terry, a famous animator (*Terrytoons*) who had worked in San Francisco during Goldberg's early years, said: "He was born with that cock-eyed slant on the fitness of things . . . I used to watch him draw and always thought he had a cock-eyed way of holding the pen, but I could be wrong."

Goldberg seemed to lose interest in variety and human-interest-subjects in the early 1930s. There was a definite loss of quality on some days; he was using weaker ideas and repeating old material. He decided to quit in 1934 and try a continuity strip. One feels that if he could have sustained it, he should have stuck to his daily variety strips, which were the very best things Goldberg did. They were his gems.

As Gilbert Seldes said in *The Seven Lively Arts* [1924]:

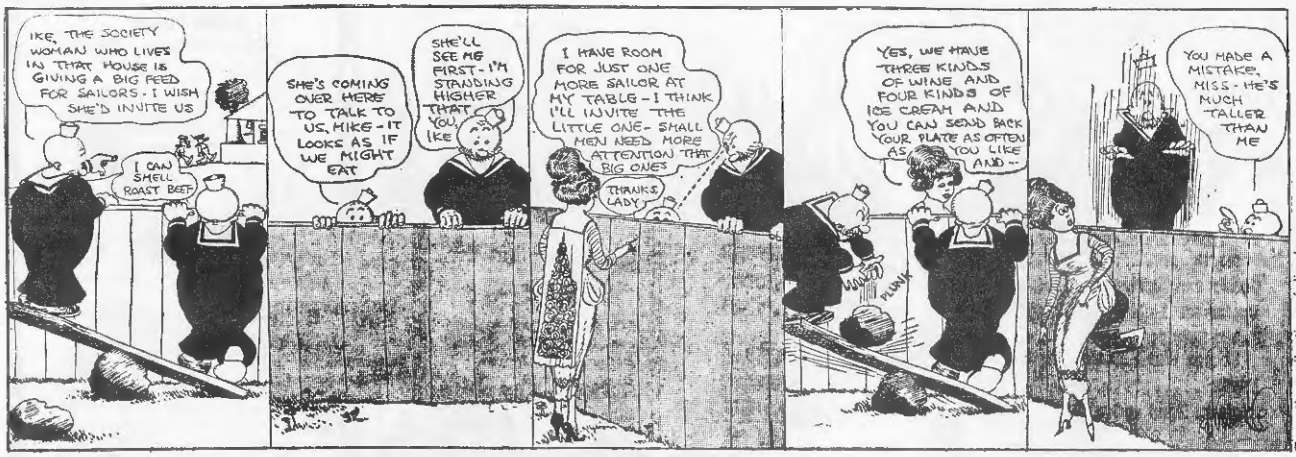
> *He is the most versatile of the lot* [of prominent cartoonists]*; he has created characters, and scenes, and continuous episodes—foolish questions and meetings of ladies' clubs and inventions . . . and through them there has run a wild grotesquerie. The tortured statues of his decors are marvelous, the way he pushes stupidity and ugliness to their last possible point, and humor into everything, is amazing. Yet I feel he is manqué, because he has never found a perfect medium for his work.*

"Your Friends Seem to Think Cigars Grow In Your Pocket," November 2, 1918.

I'LL SMOKE ONE WHEN I GET TO THE OFFICE, ONE AFTER LUNCH, ONE IN THE AFTERNOON AND THE LAST ON MY WAY HOME
GOOD MORNING, PHIL - I'M NEVER BACKWARD ABOUT HELPING MYSELF TO A CIGAR - IT'S MY WAY - THANKS
I HOPE I'M NOT ROBBING YOU, PHIL - IT'S LUCKY YOU CAME ALONG BECAUSE I'M DYING FOR A SMOKE
I'LL SMOKE IT WHEN I'M OFF DUTY TO-NIGHT
WELL, I'VE GOT ONE LEFT FOR MYSELF, ANY-WAY
I WANT TO GIVE THE JANITOR A CIGAR BECAUSE HE'S A LITTLE CRANKY THIS MORNING - I'M GLAD YOU BROUGHT ONE WITH YOU, OLD PHIL
IF THIS SYSTEM WORKS I'LL HAVE IT PATENTED
HIS DAY'S SUPPLY

I KNOW A GUY -
I WAS JUST RAISED TO $100 A WEEK
I'M THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE WORLD I FEEL LIKE TELLING EVERYBODY THE GOOD NEWS
HELLO, GUS - MY SALARY WAS JUST RAISED TO $ 100 A WEEK
THAT'S NOTHING - I KNOW A GUY WHO WAS RAISED TO $ 150 A WEEK LAST SATURDAY

From the collection of Jim Ivey


IKE, THE SOCIETY WOMAN WHO LIVES IN THAT HOUSE IS GIVING A BIG FEED FOR SAILORS - I WISH SHE'D INVITE US
I CAN SMELL ROAST BEEF
SHE'S COMING OVER HERE TO TALK TO US, MIKE - IT LOOKS AS IF WE MIGHT EAT
SHE'LL SEE ME FIRST - I'M STANDING HIGHER THAT YOU, IKE
I HAVE ROOM FOR JUST ONE MORE SAILOR AT MY TABLE - I THINK I'LL INVITE THE LITTLE ONE - SHALL MEN NEED MORE ATTENTION THAT BIG ONES
THANKS, LADY
YES, WE HAVE THREE KINDS OF WINE AND FOUR KINDS OF ICE CREAM AND YOU CAN SEND BACK YOUR PLATE AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE AND --
PLUNK
YOU MADE A MISTAKE, MISS - HE'S MUCH TALLER THAN ME
From the collection of Jim Ivey

**"Mike and Ike — They Look Alike," November 11, 1918.**

The observation that Goldberg wasted his talents in later years has been shared with me by many comics scholars; he never really stuck to one thing.

## Panels-within-strips

Rube Goldberg always provided both quality and quantity in his daily cartoons. On most days he added an extra panel to the cartoon, in effect giving two concepts for the price of one.

Rube's first sensation was the *Foolish Question* panel that ran with his New York *Mail* sports cartoons. He added *I'm The Guy* later, and afterwards produced a bewildering flood of different sidebar panels.

In 1926-27 his cartoon was often composed of only three sidebar panels; called *Cartoon Follies of 1926* (or *1927*), he ran *The Battling Browns; Luke and His Uke;* and *Famous Troublemakers.*

In the 1920s and 1930s his extra panels were frequently reduced to the lower right-hand corner of the strip. He drew *Baloney* and *Benny Sent Me* in this fashion.

All of these sidebars were sparkling additions to the main cartoons. . . which were usually brilliant all by themselves. Only when carried on for too long a time—*Benny Sent Me* in particular—did they loose their punch.

A list of these panels can be found at the end of this essay.

## Goldberg's Inventions

"This crate is held together like some Rube Goldberg machine," said the cab driver on my way to my first interview with the owner of that name.

That was the lead to my story on Goldberg for the San Francisco *Examiner* in 1964. It illustrates the widespread use of his name. Much has been written on Goldberg's inventions, which have become synonymous with Goldberg; they got his name in the dictionary.

Rube Goldberg's forced education in engineering certainly gave him a jaundiced attitude toward machines. The first invention cartoon appeared in 1914, an automatic weight reducing machine; but there had been hints of them in his sports cartoons as early as 1908. The inventions appeared irregularly in his daily cartoons through 1934. He inserted them, awkwardly, into *Lala Palooza* in 1937-38. The Sunday *Sideshow* carried a Weekly Invention from 1938-40. He did many advertising cartoons featuring them, along with commissions from *Time* and *Newsweek* for an occasional, specially drawn, invention. He even used them in his political cartoons. In the early 1950s Goldberg did one invention a week based on current events, syndicated by King Features. The inventions were great fun: the mixture of incongruous objects, people and animals was very imaginative, and the deadpan presentation added to the delight. But after reading a number of them, one is tempted to look at the pictures and skip the text.

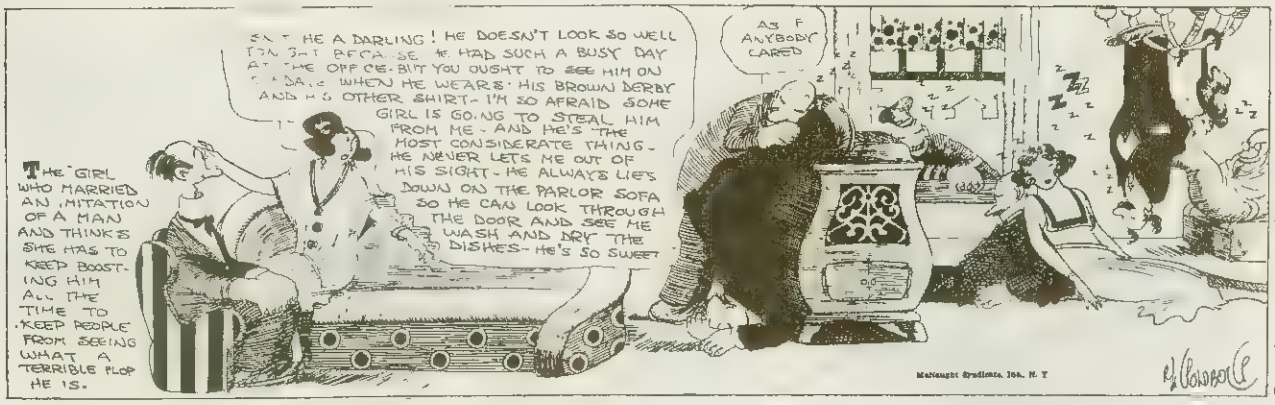
What a "Rube Goldberg" is to an American a "Heath Robinson" is to an Englishman.

W. Heath Robinson, an English cartoonist and *Punch* magazine regular, drew zany inventions, not too dissimilar to Goldberg's. They appeared before World War I and were especially popular in the 1920s. It's possible that neither cartoonist knew of the other's work though volumes of Robinson's cartoons appeared in the United States.

Cornelius Veth in *Comic Art In England* (London, 1930) wrote of W. Heath Robinson: "As an inventor of impossible machines and absurd monuments, he certainly has a merit all his own . . .

**"So He Took It Out on His Wife," October 25, 1921.**

IT WENT OUTA BOUNDS!
IN THE LAKE!
ON THE RAILROAD TRACK!
THAT'S RIGHT, PICK ON ME! I'M NOTHING AROUND HERE - I'M LOWER THAN A TURTLE'S CHEST - I COULD DIE HERE AND THEY WOULDN'T DISTURB MY BODY FOR TWO YEARS
BUT, HAROLD, I HAVEN'T SAID A WORD!
SO HE TOOK IT OUT ON HIS WIFE!
BLIND BOOBS
I'M SORRY FOR HIS FOLKS - HE'S BEEN AROUND THE STREETS WITH A BUN ON FOR YEARS
BUT HE, HIMSELF HAS BEEN DOING THIS AT HOME EVERY NIGHT SINCE PROHIBITION STARTED
From the collection of Jim Ivey


THE GIRL WHO MARRIED AN IMITATION OF A MAN AND THINKS SHE HAS TO KEEP BOOSTING HIM ALL THE TIME TO KEEP PEOPLE FROM SEEING WHAT A TERRIBLE FLOP HE IS.
AS IF ANYBODY CARED
McNaught Syndicate, Inc. N. Y.
From the collection of Jim Ivey

**"People Who Put You to Sleep — Number Fifty Seven," August 5, 1924.**

in specializing himself he has sometimes reached the highest pitch of absurdity. Next to the elaborate apparatus made to serve the most silly and impractical purposes—relating, I think, to that mixture of the scientific and the frivolous, that makes up the now prevailing mental attitude—his monument to the inventor of the crossword puzzle is most admirable . . . in such fantasies of his, every touch is comic."

Goldberg took full credit for creating these inventions. He wrote a reprimand to the editor of the *New York Times Magazine* for allowing an artist there to use a crazy invention without credit to him.

His letter ran in the April 1st 1962 (only he wasn't April-fooling!), edition of *The Times Magazine*. It reads: "As usual I feel flattered when someone appropriates my mechanical creations and is decent enough to give me credit. Not long ago Bill Mauldin called me up from St. Louis and asked if he could use one of my type inventions for a political cartoon. I was delighted to give him my okay. He gave me full credit. You ought to know better. —Rube Goldberg." (*The Times Magazine* thereupon gave him full credit and had artist Ray Doty draw a special invention showing Doty about to be guillotined and signed "With apologies to Rube Goldberg.")

In any case, these inventions were not Rube's best creations. The daily cartoons of dazzling variety of the 1910s through the '20s were his best.

Bill Blackbeard, by the way, adds another invention comic: Dwig's *Ophelia and Her Slate*; the timing of its appearance around 1905 in The *New York World*, Blackbeard thinks, influenced Goldberg's efforts.

## Boob McNutt

Goldberg started the Sunday strip *Boob McNutt* in 1915. It had a long run, ending in 1934. Hearst's Star Co. began syndicating the page in mid-1918.

The earliest episodes—up to 1920—began with Boob attempting to commit suicide in some looney fashion. He was always saved by someone, but in attempting to show his gratitude he proved so inept that the savior was happy to assist in putting him away in the last panel.

This was delightful lunacy!

The story was complete in every Sunday strip until 1922, when Boob met Pearl. Pearl became his romantic quest; the balance of the strip's run was largely devoted to Boob's comic adventures in search of Pearl.

Boob was a good natured, ineffectual oaf. His intentions were always the very best; he was a Don Quixote type. The author has studied the subject of Cartoonists as Their Own Characters, based on clippings and comic strip reading. Frank Willard was somewhat like Moon Mullins, as was George McManus like his character, Jiggs, in *Bringing Up Father*. Goldberg didn't fit into this pattern, as none of his characters were anything like Goldberg. The only common characteristic Rube had with Boob was that both were good natured.

After four years of wandering, Boob and Pearl were married in 1926. But Goldberg knew that Boob was not the subject for another domestic strip, so he immediately had them separate . . . and the search was on once more.

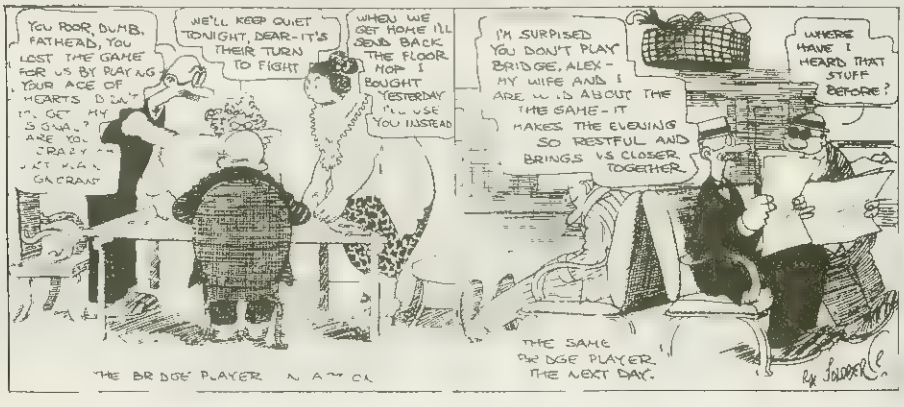
When Boob located Pearl again in the Wild West in 1929, she had divorced him for desertion. A wedding ceremony in a plane (Boob had learned to fly) was interrupted by a crash and they were split once more. The formula eventually was thin . . .

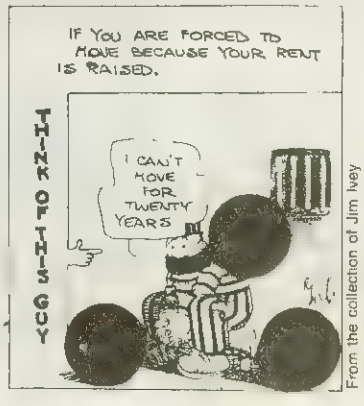
During a subplot in 1927 Boob was joined by Mike and Ike (They Look Alike)—short, bewhiskered twins, kinds of duplicate images of Jeff (of *Mutt & Jeff*). Mike and Ike had been used in the daily strips and in sidebar panels in the 1910s; they added a nice touch in many *Boob McNutt* adventures almost to the end.

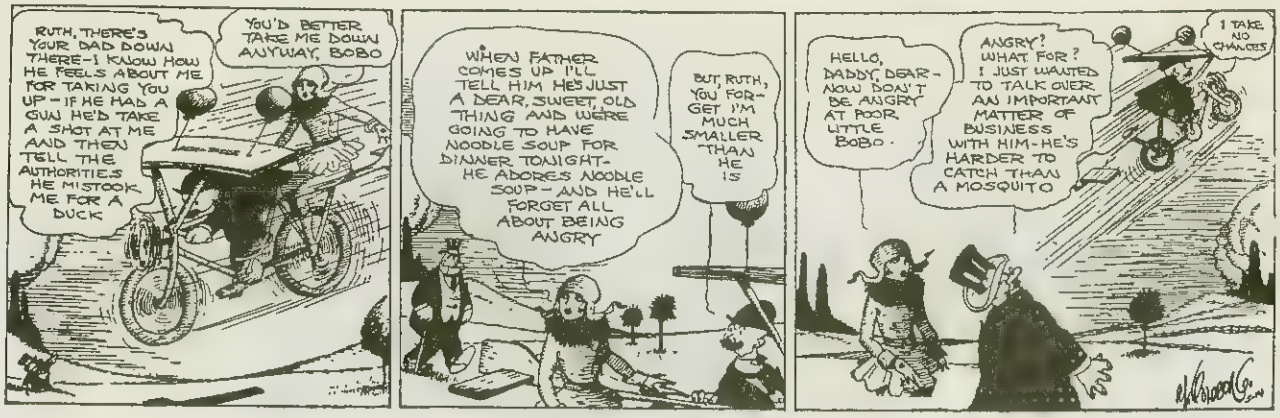
In the last two years of the strip Boob became wealthy. He lost his shaggy hair and uncouth ways . . . and all his character. Goldberg was obviously tired of Boob by then. The same change of character was seen in *Lala Palooza* towards the end of that strip.

Goldberg's delightfully zany touch is found in the first 15 years of *Boob*—preposterous adventures; grotesque figures, fur-

**"Where Have I Heard That Stuff Before?," August 16, 1922.**


YOU POOR DUMB, FATHEAD, YOU LOST THE GAME FOR US BY PLAYING YOUR ACE OF HEARTS
WE'LL KEEP QUIET TONIGHT, DEAR - IT'S THEIR TURN TO FIGHT
WHEN WE GET HOME I'LL SEND BACK THE FLOOR MOP I BOUGHT YESTERDAY
I'M SURPISED YOU DON'T PLAY BRIDGE, ALEX - MY WIFE AND I ARE WILD ABOUT THE GAME - IT MAKES THE EVENING SO RESTFUL AND BRINGS US CLOSER TOGETHER
WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT STUFF BEFORE?
THE SAME BRIDGE PLAYER THE NEXT DAY.


IF YOU ARE FORCED TO MOVE BECAUSE YOUR RENT IS RAISED.
I CAN'T MOVE FOR TWENTY YEARS
THINK OF THIS GUY
From the collection of Jim Ivey


RUTH, THERE'S YOUR DAD DOWN THERE-I KNOW HOW HE FEELS ABOUT ME FOR TAKING YOU UP-IF HE HAS A GUN HE'D TAKE A SHOT AT ME AND THEN TELL THE AUTHORITIES HE MISTOOK ME FOR A DUCK
YOU'D BETTER TAKE ME DOWN ANYWAY, BOBO
WHEN FATHER COMES UP I'LL TELL HIM HE'S JUST A DEAR, SWEET, OLD THING AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE NOODLE SOUP FOR DINNER TONIGHT-HE ADORES NOODLE SOUP-AND HE'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT BEING ANGRY
BUT, RUTH, YOU FORGET I'M MUCH SMALLER THAN HE IS
HELLO, DADDY, DEAR-NOW DON'T BE ANGRY AT POOR LITTLE BOBO.
ANGRY? WHAT FOR? I JUST WANTED TO TALK OVER AN IMPORTANT MATTER OF BUSINESS WITH HIM-HE'S HARDER TO CATCH THAN A MOSQUITO
I TAKE NO CHANCES

From the collection of Richard Marschall

**"Bobo Baxter," May 14, 1927.**

niture, and fixtures; and names of characters, like Major Gumbo, Hard Rock Pete (both villains), Carmen Spumoni, Vacuum McNutt, Wart, Owl, and Malaria McNutt. His weird animals more than human characters, showed evidence of Goldberg's imagination in the last four years of the strip. These were combinations of mammals, birds, fish and mechanical objects, with names such as Pootwoogle and Dinklewump. All represented good fun, and added to the result that *Boob McNutt*, overall was a successful effort.

The strip carried a separate sight gag in the title panel until 1926 when Goldberg added top strips—first *Bertha, The Siberian Cheesehound*, changed in mid-year to *Bill*. Bill was a young man who was somewhat shiftless (the same character was used later by Goldberg in *Sideshow* as Brad and Dad), starring in rather a mild strip. . . at least compared to *Boob McNutt* at its best.

For 10 weeks—Jan. 28-April 8, 1934—Goldberg changed the name to *Bill and Prof. Butts*, adding his wacky inventor, Prof. Lucifer Gorgonzola Butts, A.K. Evidently Goldberg saw the possibility of Butts as a substitute for the moribund Boob McNutt; if so, he didn't follow through.

In addition to *Bill*, Goldberg added an extra panel starting in 1933—*Boob McNutt's Ark* featuring impossible animals such as the Clothespin-headed Clop Clops. He later created *Are You Saving Jokers?*, featuring playing cards with movie star pastiches (example: Zazu McNutt, with Zazu Pitts as the inspiration); still later he created *Boob McNutt's Geography* (the shape of a state was shown and young readers were to guess the name of the state).

Gilbert Seldes in *The Seven Lively Arts* cited *Boob McNutt* as being "the least worthy of Rube Goldberg's creations." This was written in 1924, before *Doc Wright* and *Lala Palooza* had seen light of day.

## Bobo Baxter

From Rube to Boob to Bobo. In 1927-28 Goldberg produced a daily strip of amazing vitality and humor. *Bobo Baxter* concerned the crazy doings of half-pint Baxter, who travelled fron scene to scene on his flying bicycle, the cycleplane, christened the Demi Tasse. Inventions, frauds, intrigues, and nutty side-characters make *Baxter* a worthy rival to *Moon Mullins* and *Barney Google* of the same era, but the strip was short-lived.

Perhaps Rube preferred the changing patterns of Human Interest gags that reclaimed the spot in newspapers, or perhaps writing two simultaneous continuities (*Boob McNutt* was running Sundays at the time) was too much.

## Doc Wright

Doc Wright was a mistake. Rube Goldberg himself indicated as much when he neglected to list the continuity strip in his last volume, *Rube Goldberg vs. The Machine Age*.

In the early 1930s, the adventure strip was gaining in popularity. *Wash Tubbs, Tarzan, Buck Rogers, Tailspin Tommy* and similar strips had captured the public's attention. Goldberg made a stab at this type strip with a good-guy country physician, Doc Wright.

Goldberg's style was inappropriate to an adventure strip. For example, his heroines all looked like Pearl from *Boob McNutt*. Soap opera continuity was not Rube's forte.

Doc began on January 29, 1934 and died, unmourned, November 13 of the same year.

Al Capp wrote a proper epitaph in *The Smithsonian*, November, 1970: "The Doc was a Lincolnesque character—selfless, heroic, kindly, philosophical; in short, an asphyxiating bore. He reeked with the sanctimoniousness Goldberg had always ridiculed."

In *Rube Goldberg vs. The Machine Age* Rube wrote—and remember, he did not give a hint of *Doc Wright* in this book—"It looks as though we are headed straight toward a recrudescence of the tear, so strong is the later-day tendency to play up the heart-throb stuff." And: ". . .to reconstruct the comic strip into an out-and-out pathetic strip. . ." Goldberg *did* remember ole *Doc Wright*!

Rube's comment to me, when I mentioned that I recalled his *Doc Wright* strip, was, "*Doc* was serious—it was not me. It just didn't come off. . ." And he wasn't anxious to discuss it any further.

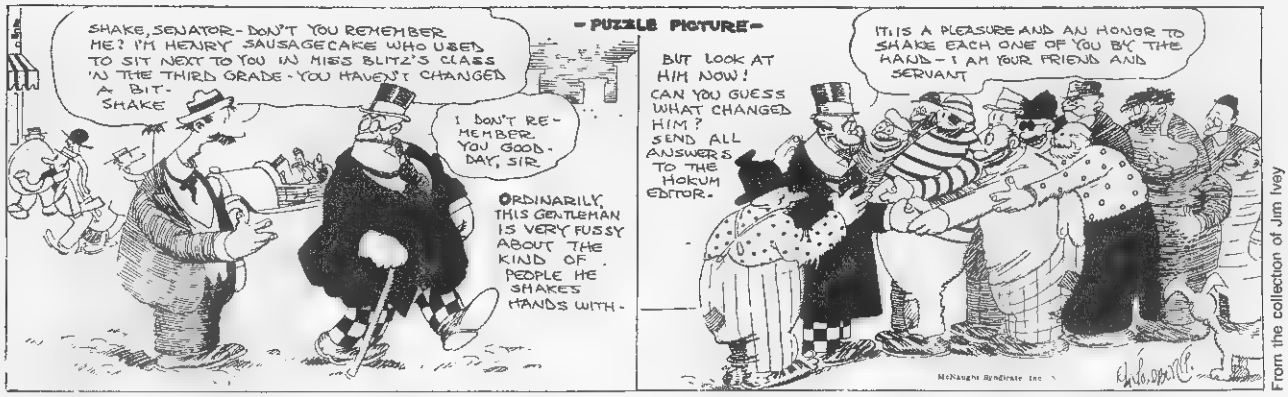
## Writing

Goldberg liked to call his low-production period his "writing period." This was from late 1934 until late 1936. Actually he

**"Doc Wright," January 31, 1934.**

EDDIE STEALIN' AUTOMOBILES? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
NO GUESSIN' ABOUT IT, DOC-I KETCHED 'IM RED HANDED AFTER MIDNIGHT AT CLEM SMITH'S GARAGE HE HAD THE LOCK BROKE AN THE DOOR HALF OPEN
EDDIE, THIS IS A SERIOUS CHARGE-WHY DID YOU DO IT?
I-I CAN'T SAY ANYTHING, DOCTOR
EDDIE!
EDDIE-OH, EDDIE, DARLING! HE ISN'T HURT BAD, IS HE, DOCTOR? OH, EDDIE, I WON'T LET THEM KEEP YOU IN JAIL!
SAY YOUNG LADY-AN WHO IN BLAZES ARE YOU?
I'M MILDRED SMITH, MR. SMITH'S DAUGHTER! I HEARD YOU CALLING UP DADDY AN I RAN RIGHT OVER-I WAS ALL DRESSED FOR A TRIP BECAUSE-
MILLIE! PLEASE DON'T SAY ANYTHING
HM! APPEARS I'ME LIKE THIS IS SOMETHIN' MORE'N A ROBBERY

From the collection of Jim Ivey


SHAKE, SENATOR - DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME? I'M HENRY SAUSAGECAKE WHO USED TO SIT NEXT TO YOU IN MISS BLITZ'S CLASS IN THE THIRD GRADE - YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT - SHAKE
I DON'T REMEMBER YOU GOOD-DAY, SIR.
ORDINARILY, THIS GENTLEMAN IS VERY FUSSY ABOUT THE KIND OF PEOPLE HE SHAKES HANDS WITH -
- PUZZLE PICTURE -
BUT LOOK AT HIM NOW! CAN YOU GUESS WHAT CHANGED HIM? SEND ALL ANSWERS TO THE HOKUM EDITOR -
IT IS A PLEASURE AND AN HONOR TO SHAKE EACH ONE OF YOU BY THE HAND - I AM YOUR FRIEND AND SERVANT
From the collection of Jim Ivey

"You Guessed It — He's Running for Office," August, 15, 1924.

wrote more things before and after; he also published no books during this period. Rube Goldberg had written stories to go with his sports cartoons in his early San Francisco days, and he was proud of his writing. He was quoted as having the ambition to be "the H.G. Wells of this country."

In the long interview with him in 1964, he asked if I had ever tried to write, and without waiting for an answer, launched into his theory of writing: "Just write it as you would talk it."

(On the point of cartoonists writing, it shouldn't seem so unusual. Many cartoonists are competent writers. Herblock, political cartoonist of the *Washington Post,* has told of his trepidation when approached to do his first book—he felt he was an artist, not a writer. He was reminded that his captions were models of brevity in writing—not a wasted word, resulting in simplicity and clarity. Cartoonists make fine use of words; being limited by space restrictions and the short span of readers' attention, words are carefully chosen.)

Goldberg had a way with words. Particularly delightful was his use of names: Prof. Lucifer Gorgonzola (he must have loved that cheese) Butts; Slugg O'Toole and Biff McThick, boxers; Hypo McGooch; Bicarbonate Lang; Anatole Zapp; Petrograd Gaul; Orlando McCloud; Blodgett, Grouse and Ipple, Attorneys; Willie Peanuts; Joab K. Silly; and, of course, Boob McNutt. (Keep in mind, Rube's "square" name was Reuben Lucius. . .)

Goldberg, like other top cartoonists, added many words and phrases to our language: "Boloney," "Phoney Boloney," "I'm Cured," "Lalapalooza," "I'm the Guy," "They all come back for more," "They can have it," "What are you kicking about?" (some of these were probably not coined, but overheard, by Rube, but he made them popular). And, of course, he gave us "Rube Goldberg" as a term itself.

Rube was successful as a writer, appearing in many popular magazines, writing both fiction and non-fiction. The non-fiction was similar to his cartoon humor, and he illustrated almost all his writing with his cartoons. Of his 10 books, only three had extensive texts, the others being collections of cartoons.

The three books with considerable text are *Is There A Doctor In the House, I Made My Bed,* and *Rube Goldberg vs. The Machine Age.* These are listed in detail in the Bibliography at the end of this essay. Rube wrote some amusing forewords to most of his books (and for many others' books).

## Lala Palooza

Goldberg returned to the cartoon field in late 1936 with *Lala Palooza,* handled by the newly formed Frank Jay Markey Syndicate. Markey had been with the McNaught Syndicate which had such great success with Rube's daily cartoons.

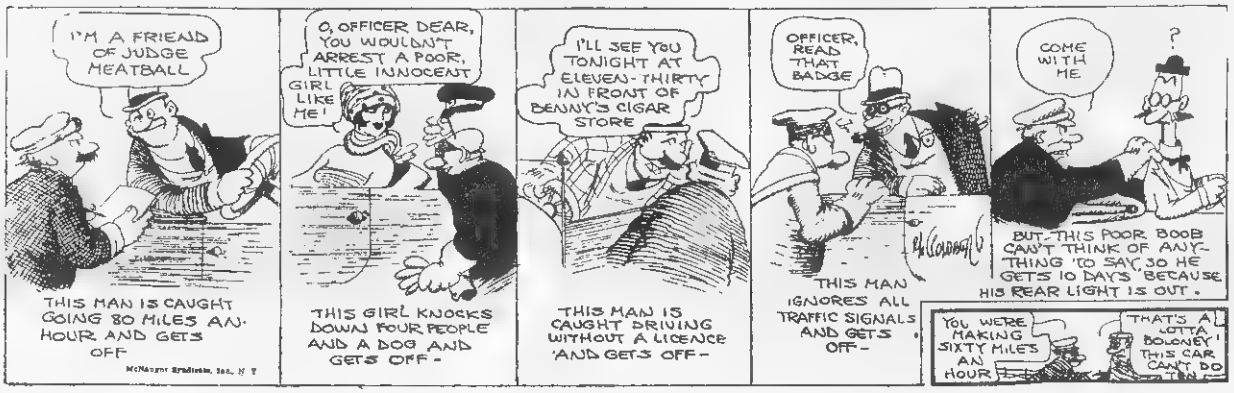
*Time* magazine reported that Rube was pushed into creating *Lala* by an offer from the New York News-Chicago Tribune Syndicate to take over the late Sydney Smith's *The Gumps.* Many cartoonists were after this spot, considering it a rich prize; to Rube it was rather an insult—surely he wasn't one to imitate another's efforts!

The only thing of note about *Lala Palooza* was the name. Only a sense of duty could force someone to read through a run of this strip. There are very few decent gags; a great repetition of situations (Vincent, Lala's brother, always falling asleep, for example); and heavyhanded use of slapstick. There is sparse use of Goldberg's trademarks, such as looney statuary and ridiculous names.

The cast was small: Lala; Vincent; Hives the butler; Babette the maid; Aristopolis Sr. and Jr., cook and cook's helper; Pinto the dog; Prof. Van Gadget (he invented the Hydrocar that ran on water); Gonzales, a suitor; and a few undistinguished villains.

From late 1937 on, Lala herself showed a great loss of weight after dieting at a farm. The character of Lala, like Boob McNutt, was changed toward the end of the strip. What little appeal chubby Lala had before finally vanished. The strip died in 1938 after less than a two-year run.

"The Language That Motorcycle Cops Understand," September 4, 1925.


I'M A FRIEND OF JUDGE MEATBALL
THIS MAN IS CAUGHT GOING 80 MILES AN HOUR AND GETS OFF
O, OFFICER DEAR, YOU WOULDN'T ARREST A POOR, LITTLE INNOCENT GIRL LIKE ME!
THIS GIRL KNOCKS DOWN FOUR PEOPLE AND A DOG AND GETS OFF -
I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT AT ELEVEN-THIRTY IN FRONT OF BENNY'S CIGAR STORE
THIS MAN IS CAUGHT DRIVING WITHOUT A LICENCE AND GETS OFF -
OFFICER, READ THAT BADGE
THIS MAN IGNORES ALL TRAFFIC SIGNALS AND GETS OFF -
COME WITH ME
BUT - THIS POOR BOOB CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO SAY, SO HE GETS 10 DAYS BECAUSE HIS REAR LIGHT IS OUT.
YOU WERE MAKING SIXTY MILES AN HOUR
THAT'S ALL OUTTA BOLONEY! THIS CAR CAN'T DO IT!
From the collection of Jim Ivey

**RUBE GOLDBERG**

World famous humorist . . creator of "Mike and Ike. They Look Alike", Boob McNutt, Foolish Questions, Prof Lucifer Butt's Inventions, "I'm The Guy" . . . coiner of phrases that live in American speech. . .

*presents*

## *Lala Palooza*

—a new comic strip that will shortly become an American classic . . . a laugh sensation that will brighten your day—every day . . . and the most amusing character ever concocted by this master of humor. . .

*Countess* ***Lala Palooza***

inherited a title, a garage full of dough, a yen for romance and a tendency towards overweight. But she figured out for herself that Society with a capital S is her dish—and is trying hard to break it. Lala is a direct action dame but has a heart of pure gold, well sheathed in avoirdupois. You'll like Lala!

*Vincent,* poor boy, is Lala's brother and her permanent guest. Vince is the laziest man in the world. Not a bad fella, just weak.

*Gonzales* is Lala's admirer, an ambitious guy who is studying to be a gigolo. He dresses well, and that's about all he does well. As phony as a movie star's eyelashes. He wants to marry Lala—and her dough!

*Hives,* the chauffeur and pooch valet, who puts up with as much as he gets away with or vice versa.

*Pinto,* is Lala's pet pooch and universal pain in the neck. Pinto will kill you, if somebody doesn't kill it first.

*Starting Monday in*

**The Florida Times-Union**

From the collection of Jim Ivey

FABLES OF FRANKLIN D.

From the collection of Jim Ivey

***Above:*** **An example of Goldberg's political cartoons. (October 5, 1940)**

***Left:*** **A newspaper advertisement promoting Goldberg's new strip *Lala Palooza*. (February 20, 1937)**

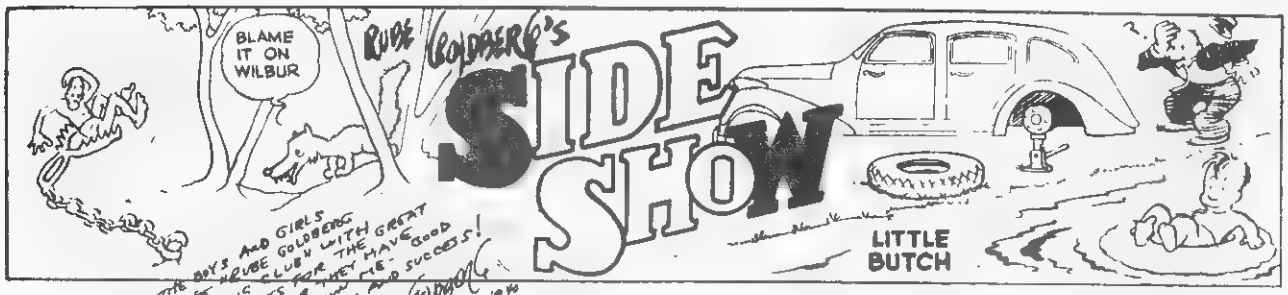
Toward the end—from late 1937—the daily strip interrupted the story one day a week to show one of Goldberg's inventions, presenting them as Vincent's creations. The Sunday masthead strip also carried Vincent with an invention, occasionally a *Telephonies* panel and, in the end, *Rube Goldberg's Foolish Invention* as a top strip—a prelude to *Sideshow,* which he began in late 1938.

Goldberg's style showed great change from the early daily cartoons, *Boob McNutt* and *Doc Wright,* when *Lala Palooza* appeared. The thin lines became thick lines and much of the old Goldberg visual magic seemed to have been lost forever. He was, however, using assistants at the time and perhaps the inking of his pencil lines by others made a difference.

Regarding assistants, Goldberg wrote in the Famous Artists Cartoon Course text that they are "sometimes more of a hindrance than a help." He stated that he'd worked for over 20 years before getting an assistant. "Technically it's a help, but I like to do my own drawing. . . If the public is buying your work, make sure they get it."

## Rube Goldberg's Sideshow

*Sideshow* (1938-40) used ingredients Rube had used years before. *Brad and Dad* used the lead character from *Bill,* the *Boob*


BLAME IT ON WILBUR
RUBE GOLDBERG'S
SIDE SHOW
LITTLE BUTCH
TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE RUBE GOLDBERG DRAWING CLUB WITH GREAT THANKS FOR THE HONOR THEY HAVE SHOWN ME- GOOD LUCK AND SUCCESS!
RUBE GOLDBERG
MAR- 1940

From the collection of Jim Ivey

March, 1940.

*McNutt* top strip. *Twisted Tales* was similar to daily strips of the 1920s and '30s—ironies of success, unexpected results. Goldberg used his *Weekly Invention* and sidebar panels *Blame It On Wilbur* and *Little Butch*. As the feature continued he added a few new items: *Crackpot College; Nibsy*, a strip; *Candid Cartoons; Boloney Book Of Etiquette;* and, again, *Foolish Questions*.

There was little new here. Goldberg was just giving a watered-down hint of his best work done a decade and more earlier.

## Advertising Cartoons

Rube drew large number of cartoons, especially his inventions, for advertising campaigns. He also created two characters for Pepsi-Cola, Pepsi & Pete, two chubby policemen who appeared in Sunday comic sections in the early 1940s.

Goldberg seemed to loosen up on these, and most of them have his old sparkle. They were more entertaining and amusing than *Palooza, Doc Wright* or even the last year of *Boob McNutt*.

*Pepsi & Pete*, for example, showed the cops using suspenders for a slingshot, a ship's helm for wheels, acrobats to form a human ladder, and convict's balls-and-chains to stop a locomotive. That's more imagination than is found in the entire run of *Lala Palooza*.

Rube was a great cigar smoker, he was never seen without one. He thrust one at me—a superb cigar—at the start of our interview session. Cigars and Goldberg were synonymous. Goldberg wrote in the National Cartoonist Society album in 1965: "Waiting for Castro to fade out so I can get some good Havana cigars again." But in 1954 he touted Lucky Strike cigarettes in a four-color ad!

Rube was playing another joke on us.

**Goldberg did quite a few cartoons for advertising campaigns, this one for Pepsi-Cola. (May 3, 1942)**

PEPSI AND PETE
THE PEPSI-COLA COPS
BY RUBE GOLDBERG
WHO SWIPED OUR HATS, PETE?
TWO HARD BOILED EGGS COMING UP
HELP! MY FATHER'S SICK WITH JUNGLE FEVER HE CAN'T COME DOWN FROM THE HUT
LADY, WE'LL GET HIM SOME ASPIRIN IF WE CAN FIND A DRUG STORE
BUT A HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS IS STAMPEDING IN THIS DIRECTION!
TWEET TWEET
QUICK, PEPSI WHISTLE FOR WALDO!
BUY DEFENSE BONDS
PEPSI COLA IS THE BEST,
FOR YEARS AND YEARS -
IT'S STOOD THE TEST!
LOOK OUT, PEPSI- THOSE WILD ELEPHANTS ARE EQUAL TO ANYTHING!
LET 'EM COME -THAT DRINK MADE ME EQUAL TO TWICE ANYTHING!
Copyright, 1942 Pepsi-Cola Company
CRUNCH!
PETE, WE'RE MOVING!
SO IS THE ELEPHANT!
SHALL WE PLAY ANOTHER RUBBER?
SURE WE GOTTA STAY HERE TILL THE ELEPHANT GETS TIRED!
PURITY... in the big big bottle- that's PEPSI-COLA!
5¢

From the collection of Richard Marschall

JOE BROWN WED A GIRL NAMED MISS MILLICENT BLAIR FOR HE LOVED EVERY WAVE OF HER BEAUTIFUL HAIR.
WHILE MILLICENT, LIKEWISE, GOT MARRIED TO BROWN, FOR SHE WORSHIPPED HIS HAIR WHICH WAS ALL PLASTERED DOWN:
BUT MILLICENT, NOW THAT SHE'S MARRIED A WHILE, WEARS HER HAIR IN THE GLORIA SWANSON STYLE.
WHILE JOE WENT IN HEAVY FOR MUSIC & ART- NOW HE LOOKS LIKE A MATTRESS THAT'S FALLING APART!
HARIS WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY
ALL THAT OLD POET-IC STUFF IS BOLONEY NOW

"Life's Little Jokes — Number 483,006," September 12, 1925.

DARLING, IT'S GORGEOUS - NOW TURN AROUND - IT WILL TAKE ME HALF AN HOUR TO SEE THE BACK ALONE
IN THE OLD DAYS WHEN A MAN'S WIFE SPENT $15 FOR AN EASTER HAT, THERE WAS SO MUCH OF IT HE COULD STAND BACK IN ADMIRATION AND FEEL THAT HE WAS GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH.
WELL, WHERE'S THE THIRTY-DOLLAR HAT YOU'VE BEEN TALKING SO MUCH ABOUT?
I'VE GOT IT ON
NOW HIS WIFE'S EASTER HAT COSTS HIM $30 AND HE CAN'T EVEN SEE IT.

"Easter Bonnets — Then and Now," March 30, 1929.

THE SCENE OF THIS WEEK'S MEETING OF THE I WOULDA MADE CLUB IS ONE CORNER OF A GYMNASIUM WHERE SOME THIRD CLASS FIGHTERS ARE TRAINING FOR A FOURTH-CLASS FIGHT.
IF I WAS FIGHTIN' WIT DE BUMS OF TODAY INSTEAD OF BEIN' A CHAMP TWENTY YEARS AGO I WOULDA MADE FIFTY GRAND EASY
ME, TOO
I WOULDA MADE DE LIGHTWEIGHT LIMIT IF IT WASN'T FOR PROHIBITION BEER
IF I HADN'T BEEN GYPPED BY ME MANAGER LAST YEAR I WOULDA MADE ENOUGH TO BUY ME MUDDER A NEW SINK FOR HER DISHES
HE CAUGHT ME ON DE CHIN WHEN I WAS THINKIN' ABOUT ME INCOME TAX
I WOULDA BEEN CHAMP IF TUNNEY WASN'T AFRAID TO MEET ME
I SHOULDN'TA ET DAT BIG STEAK BEFORE I ENTERED DE RING IN ME LAST FIGHT
TELEPHONES
IT'S A TERRIFIC BATTLE - BOTH MEN ARE SLUGGING LIKE MAD

"The Weekly Meeting of the 'I Woulda Made Club,' " March 27, 1929.

Art this page from the collection of Jim Ivey

## Political Cartoons

It's surprising that Rube felt intimidated when he began his career as a political cartoonist for the *New York Sun* in 1938. He felt he was entering strange territory. Immediately after signing a contract, he went to an art supply store and asked what tools political cartoonists used, settling for the grease crayon, along with the old familiar pen, brush and ink.

Rube had drawn an occasional editorial cartoon in his early days at the New York Mail. These had a loose, zany touch—the approach that won him fame. Unfortunately he did not return to this approach on the *Sun*.

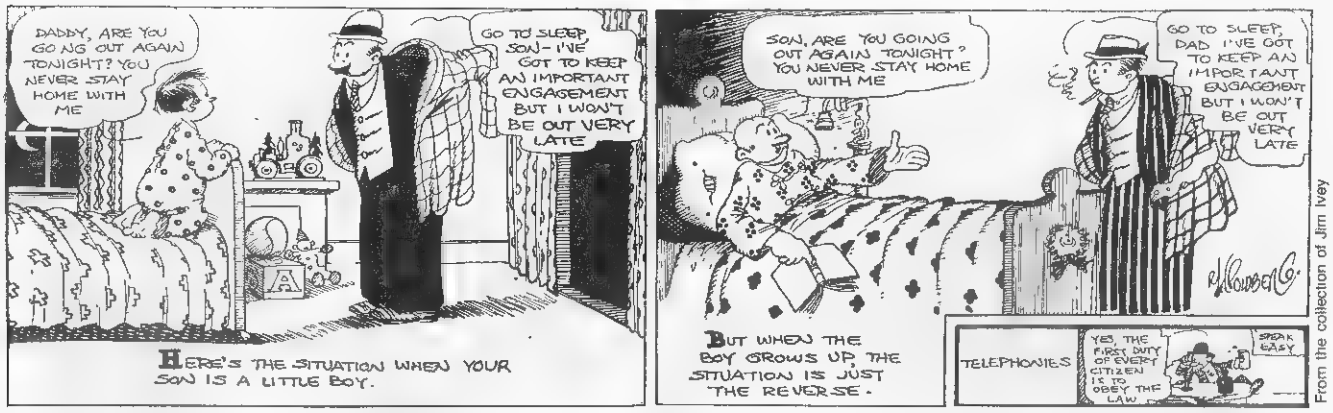
Evidently he felt he had to imitate what others were doing, but his best work was unique and original, not imitation.

It's unfortunate that he approached the field in such an attitude. Relatively few of his later political cartoons had any of the early sparkle. By all standards the one used when he won the Pulitzer Prize in 1948 was not one of his best.

When the *Sun* folded, Rube was hired by the Hearst interests drawing three cartoons a week in his last years as a political cartoonist, syndicated by King Features Syndicate.

Rube was assisted by Warren King, later a political cartoonist on the New York Daily News, for his entire political cartooning stint.

Being a political cartoonist myself, I approach this aspect of Goldberg's career uneasily. The general consensus, I believe, is that Goldberg was not one of the great political cartoonists. Perhaps his good nature, his lack of any malice, explains it


DADDY, ARE YOU GOING OUT AGAIN TONIGHT? YOU NEVER STAY HOME WITH ME
GO TO SLEEP, SON - I'VE GOT TO KEEP AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT BUT I WON'T BE OUT VERY LATE
HERE'S THE SITUATION WHEN YOUR SON IS A LITTLE BOY.
SON, ARE YOU GOING OUT AGAIN TONIGHT? YOU NEVER STAY HOME WITH ME
GO TO SLEEP, DAD I'VE GOT TO KEEP AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT BUT I WON'T BE OUT VERY LATE
BUT WHEN THE BOY GROWS UP THE SITUATION IS JUST THE REVERSE.
TELEPHONIES
YES, THE FIRST DUTY OF EVERY CITIZEN IS TO OBEY THE LAW
SPEAK EASY
From the collection of Jim Ivey

"Life Generally Evens Things Up," March 18, 1929.

THIS PROGRAM IS BEING BROADCAST FROM STATION W.T.N.Z. TORONTO, CANADA
THAT THING IS TERRIBLE
HE IS BORED BY THE RADIO, THE GREAT MODERN INVENTION THAT BRINGS SOUND INTO HIS HOME FROM THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY-
A PERSON IS SILLY TO GO UP IN A THING LIKE THAT
HE IS ANNOYED BY THE AEROPLANE, THE GREAT MACHINE THAT HAS SO RECENTLY CONQUERED THE AIR-
THESE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS FROM CHINA ARE THE BUNK
HE IS OUT OF PATIENCE WITH THE ASTONISHING FEAT OF TELEGRAPHING PICTURES IN AN INSTANT FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD-
WONDERFUL!
THIS GREAT LITTLE POTATO-PEELER IS THE MOST MARVELOUS INVENTION OF THE AGE-IT DOESN'T WASTE A PARTICLE OF THE POTATO- ONLY A DIME, TEN CENTS
BUT HERE IS ONE MODERN INVENTION THAT IS ABLE TO EXCITE HIS GREATEST ADMIRATION.
From the collection of Jim Ivey

"Not Altogether Spoiled," March 29, 1929.

somewhat; it takes a bit of the "fire-in-the-belly," as the British put it, to be a great one.

Goldberg once wrote: "Let me assure those good souls that I take my political cartooning seriously. . . I am still hoping for the return of the time when the political cartoon can swing an election or send those who abuse the trust of the people to a prolonged stretch on the rock pile. I still wonder how effective the present-day editorial cartoon is. . . I regret to say I still wonder whether the political cartoon is largely a decoration for the editorial page. . ."

Harry Henderson, in an article in the January, 1951, issue of *Pageant*, told of Rube's solution to a big problem he encountered while a political cartoonist. Like many others, he expected Thomas E. Dewey to win the 1948 presidential race and had drawn a cartoon to that effect. When Truman was the surprise victor, Rube simply lettered the words "Rube Goldberg regrets" inside the frame of his cartoon. One of the more memorable Goldberg political cartoons; Truman was delighted and requested the original.

About Goldberg Thomas Craven wrote in *Cartoon Cavalcade*: "For scores of years he incited millions to laughter, riproaring laughter that pulled the midriff and made no sense. Then, for no reason, he reversed his direction, lost his imagination, sank lower and lower, and ended up a political cartoonist. Nothing that he has accomplished, or will accomplish, in this field will atone for his defection from the company of born comedians who make life bearable in a world of pain." Rube Goldberg believed however that his type of variety-cartoon had lived past its day when he quit doing them in 1934. He kept trying to find something else to match their popularity.

The one and only time I saw Rube aroused was in the interview in 1964. I came prepared: What was his reaction to Gerald W. Johnson's comment about him in *The Lines Are Drawn* (a book using Pulitzer Prize winning cartoons as a basis for history): "But he is not a political cartoonist. . ."?

He had seen it. . .and was he upset! I calmed him a bit saying that Johnson's total comments added up to generous praise.

When Rube retired from cartooning the last of April, 1964, he was already deep into his sculpting career.

## Comic Sculpture

Rube's entry in *Who's Who in America* (1970-71 edition) begins: "Reuben Lucius Goldberg, Sculptor." That's his own choice of words; one fills out his own data sheet for *Who's Who*.

But sculpture was only another variation for Goldberg: Cartoons in three dimensions. His son Tom, a serious (why fight the term?) painter, got Rube interested in sculpture.

An alert, energetic 80-year-old, Rube needed something on which to spend energies; he approached sculpting with youthful enthusiasm. In our interview he spoke at length about his upcoming first exhibit, trying to get me interested in trying the art.

The quality of these small statues varied widely. A handful were successful—some of the figures and groups and some of the caricatures; some, on the other hand, were overly "cute." Especially delightful, full of the old Goldberg spark of yore, was the "group" of toucan and the big-nosed people in the plastic surgeon's waiting room.

'Another Daumier in sculpture," as some observers characterized Goldberg, is rather imposible to accept, but his comic statues add a nice finishing touch to a long career in comic art.

Goldberg noted about his sculpting: "This is my occupational therapy. I'm the luckiest guy in the world—no deadlines, no drain on my energies! This is an extension of what I've been doing all my life. I laugh at them (his statues) myself!"

*Goldberg and sculpture, clockwise from left:* **design for The Reuben Award, "Three Wise Men," "Romeo and Juliet," self portrait, "People Don't Like Kings Anymore," "A Big One," and (center) "David and Goliath."**

## The National Cartoonists Society

There had been many attempts to form some kind of association of cartoonists before the National Cartoonists Society was formed in 1945, but they had all failed.

Cartoonists are not good organizational material. They work alone, for the most part; and many have healthy egos—a strong ego being necessary to see a cartoonist from the novice to the professional stage.

Rube Goldberg was the one man who had the stature, respect, and good humor needed to bring cartoonists together and to hold them. He was the group's first president, and the honorary president for the remainder of his life.

The Society's top award is called the "Reuben" after Goldberg; he designed the award statue. And he won the award himself in 1967 for comic sculpture.

Bob Dunn, in an NCS eulogy to Goldberg in 1971, said, 'He treated the NCS like his family. He guided. He held us together. He was a gentle giant. We are all better for knowing him."

## Conclusion: No Matter How You Slice It . . .

Rube Goldberg had a tremendous influence on the American conscience. He made us aware that machines and gadgets do not bring Utopia. He added bouncy words and phrases to our language, including his own name. He influenced—and continues to influence—countless numbers of cartoonists. But mainly he made us laugh.

Most cartoonists are just trying to entertain, no matter what field they are working in. Political cartoonists may have an axe to grind, but they'd damn well better be entertaining about it!

Rube was no different.

All the attempts to the psychoanalyze Rube's intentions—bringing in Freud and all the agonizing tries at defining humor—are just so many wasted words.

Rube wrote in the National Cartoonist Society's Reuben Award booklet in 1961: "If you have been influenced by Freud you might say the Reuben represents four cartoonists who hated their mothers for allowing them to become cartoonists, and are groping for an acrobatic answer to the question of why sculptors and pretzel makers have so much in common. Or you might say the Reuben represents the people of the world trying for perfect balance to escape the same fate as the leaning tower of Pisa. You'd be wrong on both counts.

"The Reuben is sheer fantasy. . .

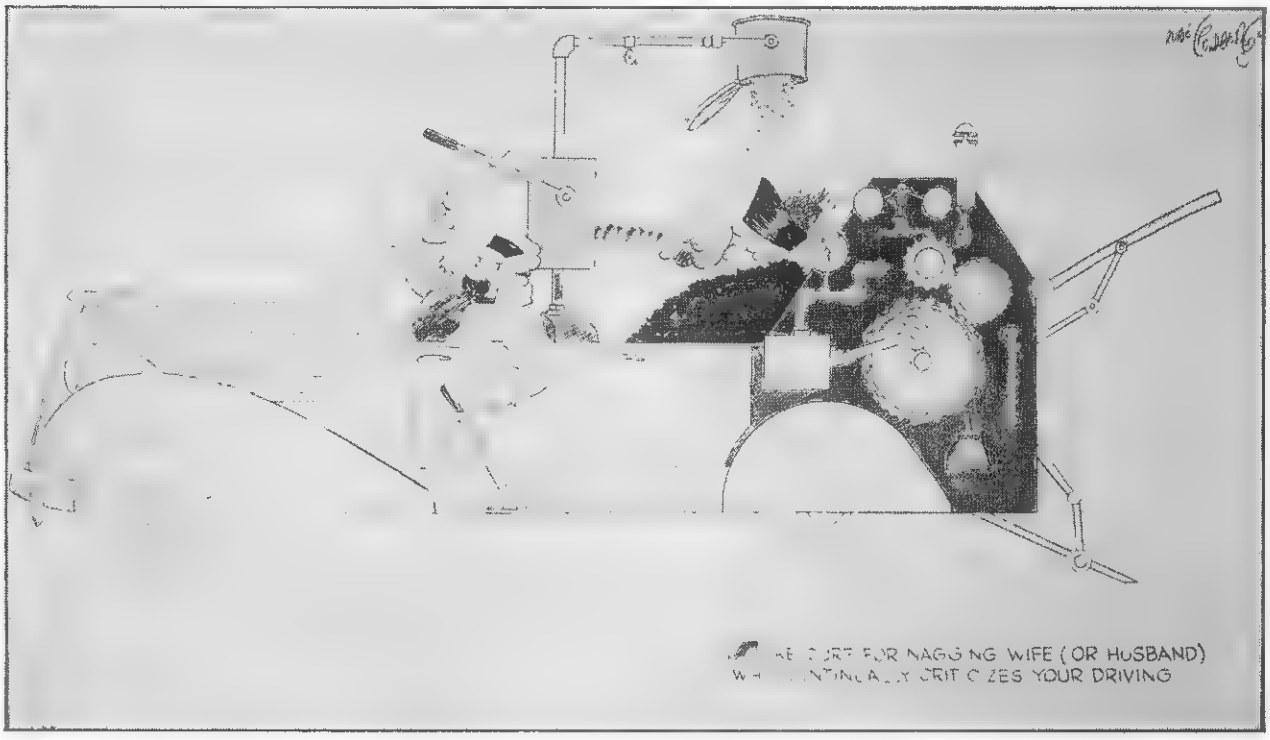
In his last speech, read by his sons at the Smithsonian exhibit of his works in November, 1970, Rube wrote: "I have heard cartoonists and writers try to explain the essence of their humor—how they work and why something is funny. I believe that a humorist is born with his own peculiar sense of humor and charisma. After learning the few techniques of putting his ideas down on paper or canvas, he just goes ahead and does it. Later, in defense of his fame or success, he tries to tell the young aspirants how he does it. But it is all hindsight. In the beginning, he really didn't know himself."

The Rube Goldberg I knew would have one comment for all the high-blown attempts at analysis:

"BOLONEY!"

Rube Goldberg was unique.

He was THE classic American cartoonist.




# The Works of Rube Goldberg

**Sports cartoons:** *San Francisco Chronicle*, 1904-1904 (9 months); *San Francisco Bulletin*, 1904-06; *New York Mail*, 1906-1910. Series in sports cartoons: *Easyville*, 1905; *Lunatics I Have Met; The Candy Kid; If Plays Were Only True to Life.*

**Human Interest daily cartoons:** (*N.Y. Evening Mail*, and syndicated, McNaught 1910-1934). *History in a Modern Picture Frame; Inventions* (also 1951-54, 1960-64); *Father Was Right; Boobs Abroad; I Never Thought of That; I'm Cured; Mike & Ike, They Look Alike* (also used as a sidebar panel); *Life's Little Jokes; Weekly Meeting of the Tuesday Women's Club; Our Own Radio Ravings; But It Doesn't Mean Anything; They All Look Good When You're Far Away; They All Come Back For More; Aw, Give a Guy a Chance; That's Right, You're Wrong; Soup and Fish, the Saturday Night Sheiks; It's Wrong . . . All Wrong; Mother was Right; . . . Sweep Out the Padded Cell—; Cartoon Follies of 1926-7; Bozo Butts—They Drive Him Nuts; People Who Put You To Sleep; A Sad, Sad Story; Where Have I Heard That Stuff Before; It's Different When It Happens To You; Public Enemy #____; Why Is It?; So He Took It Out On His Wife; They Always Go You One Better; Goldberg's Boobs; But That's Different; They Can Have It; But It Doesn't Mean Anything; Life's Follies* (overall title used in 1930s).

**Panels within comic strips** (1908-1940) (These ran in the sports cartoons, in the daily strips until 1934; also in *Boob McNutt* (B); *Lala Palooza* (L); *Sideshow* (S).) *Foolish Questions; I'm The Guy; 50-50; Phoney Films; Slackers; Steve Himself; Captain Johnny; Phoney Bolonies; Boob News; Divide by Two and You're Nearer Right; Battling Browns; Blind Boobs; Chamber of Horrors; Luke & His Uke; Famous Trouble Makers; Alphabet Soup; Mr. Alf of the Alphabet; Sapograms; He Don't Know From Nothing; Telephonies; Boloney; Benny Sent Me; Boob McNutt's Ark* (B); *Boob McNutt's Geography* (B); *Are You Saving Jokers?* (B); *Telephonies* (again in L); *Rube Goldberg's Invention* (L); *Weekly Invention* (S); *Twisted Tales (S); Candid Cartoons* (S); *Crackpot College* (S); *Brain Derby* (S); *Foolish Questions* (again in *S); Boloney Book of Behavior* also *Ettiquette)* (S).

**Song lyrics:** *I'm the Guy*, 1912; *Music in the Zoo*, 1946.

**Animated cartoons:** 1916-1918; Various titles based on his newspaper features.

**Daily strips:** *Bobo Baxter* 1927-28; *Doc Wright*, 1934.

**Sunday pages:** *The Look-a-Like Boys*, 1907; *Don't Some People Ask the Biggest Fool Questions?*, 1909-10; *What Are You Kicking About!*, 1909 (all World Color Printing Co.); *Boob McNutt*, 1915-18 (New York *Evening Mail*), 1918-34 (Star Co. And King Features Syndicate) (with top strips *Bertha the Siberian Cheesehound*, 1924; *Bill*, 1924-34; *Bill and Prof. Butts*, 1934); *Lala Palooza*, 1936-38 (Frank Jay Markey Syndicate); Sideshow, 1938-40 (Register and Tribune Syndicate) (with top strip *Brad and Dad).*

**Play:** *Day of Rest.*

**Screenplay:** *Soup to Nuts!*

**Political Cartoons:** New York *Evening Mail*, 1906-1910; New York *Sun, 1938-1949; New York Journal-American* and King Features Syndicate, 1949-1964.

**Comic Sculptures;** 1964-1970.

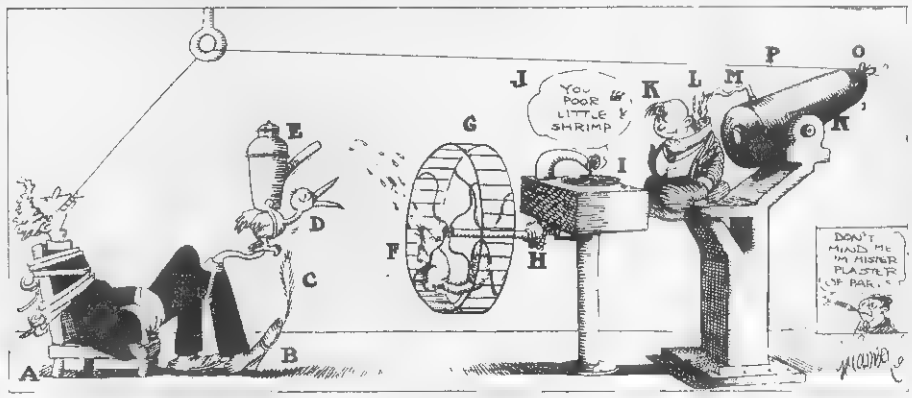
**Books:** *Foolish Questions*, 1909; *Chasing the Blues*, 1912; *Seeing History at Close Range*, 1914; *Is There a Doctor in the House?*, 1929; *The Rube Goldberg Plan for the Post-War World*, 1944; *Rube Goldberg's Guide to Europe*, 1954; *How to Remove the Cotton from a Bottle of Aspirin*, 1959; *I Made My Bed*, 1960.

# Simplicity Itself!

## Several Selected Inventions by the Eminent but Foolish Professor Lucifer Gorgonzola Butts, A.K.

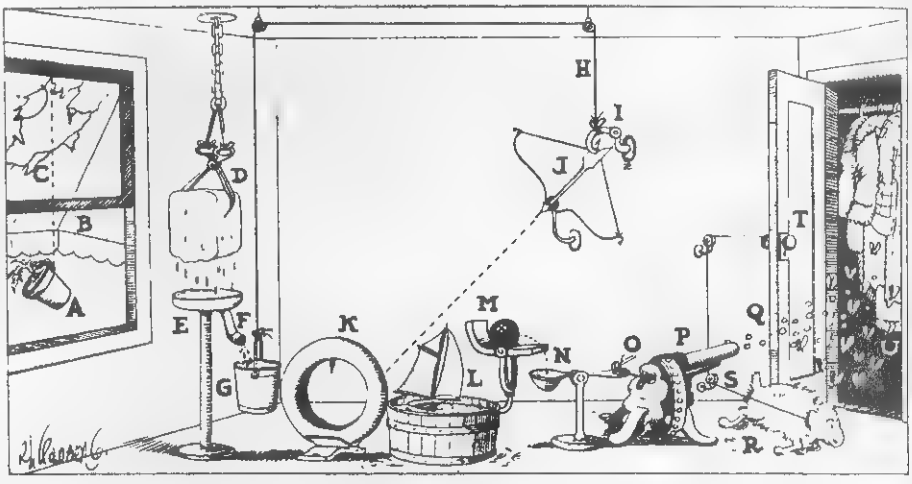
BE YOUR OWN DENTIST !

FIRST TIE YOURSELF SECURELY TO CHAIR (A) AND WIGGLE FOOT (B). FEATHER (C) TICKLES BIRD (D) - AS BIRD SHAKES WITH LAUGHTER, IT MIXES COCKTAIL IN SHAKER (E) - BIRD FALLS FORWARD, SPILLING COCKTAIL, AND SQUIRREL (F) GETS SOUSED - IN HIS DRUNKEN EXCITEMENT, SQUIRREL REVOLVES CAGE (G), WHICH TURNS CRANK (H) AND PLAYS PHONOGRAPH RECORD (I) - SONG (J) GETS DWARF (K) HOT UNDER COLLAR AND FLAMES (L) IGNITE FUSE (M) WHICH SETS OFF CANNON (N), SHOOTING OUT CANNON BALL (O), CAUSING STRING (P) TO PULL TOOTH !



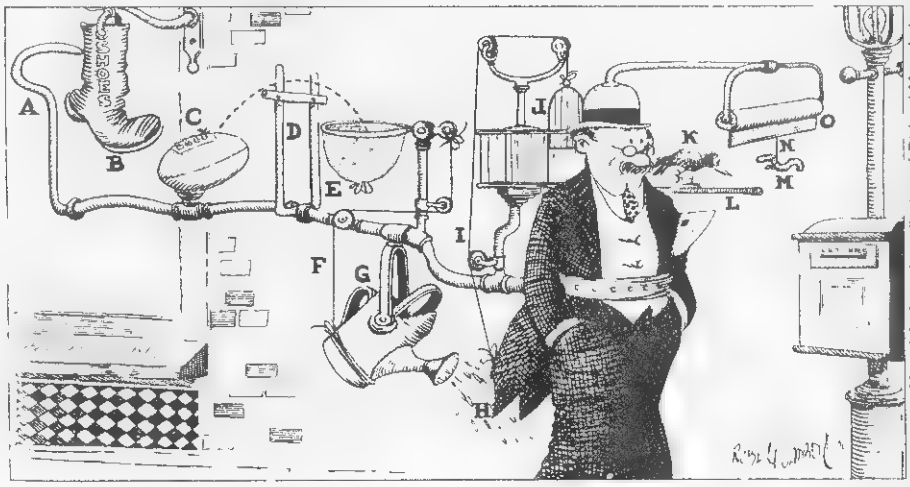

THE PROFESSOR EMERGES FROM THE GOOFY BOOTH WITH A DEVICE FOR THE EXTERMINATION OF MOTHS. START SINGING. LADY UPSTAIRS, WHEN SUFFICIENTLY ANNOYED, THROWS FLOWER POT (A) THROUGH AWNING (B). HOLE (C) ALLOWS SUN TO COME THROUGH AND MELT CAKE OF ICE (D). WATER DRIPS INTO PAN (E) RUNNING THROUGH PIPE (F) INTO PAIL (G). WEIGHT OF PAIL CAUSES CORD (H) TO RELEASE HOOK (I) AND ALLOW ARROW (J) TO SHOOT INTO TIRE (K). ESCAPING AIR BLOWS AGAINST TOY SAILBOAT (L) DRIVING IT AGAINST LEVER (M) AND CAUSING BALL TO ROLL INTO SPOON (N) AND PULL STRING (O) WHICH SETS OFF MACHINE GUN (P) DISCHARGING CAMPHOR BALLS (Q). REPORT OF GUN FRIGHTENS LAMB (R) WHICH RUNS AND PULLS CORD (S), OPENING CLOSET DOOR (T). AS MOTHS (U) FLY OUT TO EAT WOOL FROM LAMB'S BACK THEY ARE KILLED BY THE BARRAGE OF MOTH BALLS.

IF ANY OF THE MOTHS ESCAPE AND THERE IS DANGER OF THEIR RETURNING, YOU CAN FOOL THEM BY MOVING.




PROFESSOR BUTTS GETS CAUGHT IN A REVOLVING DOOR AND BECOMES DIZZY ENOUGH TO DOPE OUT AN IDEA TO KEEP YOU FROM FORGETTING TO MAIL YOUR WIFE'S LETTER.

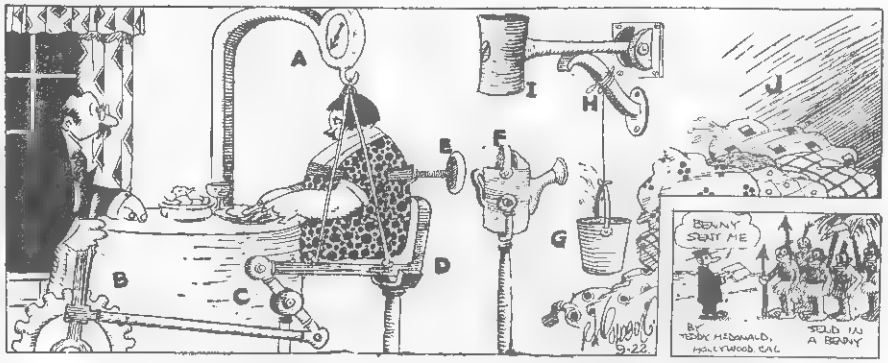
AS YOU WALK PAST COBBLER SHOP, HOOK (A) STRIKES SUSPENDED BOOT (B) CAUSING IT TO KICK FOOTBALL (C) THROUGH GOAL POSTS (D). FOOTBALL DROPS INTO BASKET (E) AND STRING (F) TILTS SPRINKLING CAN (G) CAUSING WATER TO SOAK COAT TAILS (H). AS COAT SHRINKS CORD (I) OPENS DOOR (J) OF CAGE ALLOWING BIRD (K) TO WALK OUT ON PERCH (L) AND GRAB WORM (M) WHICH IS ATTACHED TO STRING (N). THIS PULLS DOWN WINDOW SHADE (O) ON WHICH IS WRITTEN, "**YOU SAP, MAIL THAT LETTER.**" A SIMPLE WAY TO AVOID ALL THIS TROUBLE IS TO MARRY A WIFE WHO CAN'T WRITE.



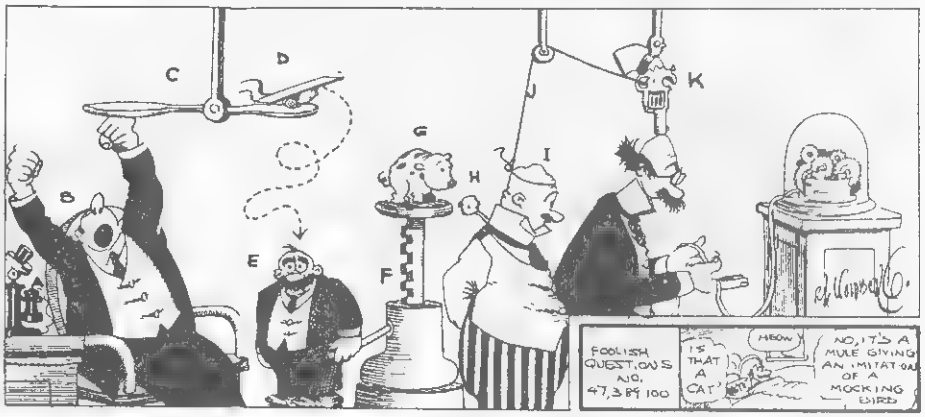

All art pgs 20 and 21 from the collection of Richard Marschall

## HELP YOUR WIFE STICK TO HER DIET

WHEN THE SCALE (A) SHOWS THAT YOUR WIFE HAS EATEN HER ALLOTTED AMOUNT HANDLE (B) WHICH SWINGS BEAM (C) AND FORCES HER SEAT (D) BACK OUT OF REACH OF FOOD – BUTTON (E) UPSETS SPRINKLING CAN (F) AND FILLS BUCKET (G) WITH WATER – EXTRA WEIGHT OF BUCKET PULLS PROP (H) AWAY ALLOWING HAMMER (I) TO FALL ON YOUR WIFE'S HEAD – SHE FALLS BACK AMONG CUSHIONS (J) WHERE SHE SLEEPS BLISSFULLY UNCONSCIOUS OF THE FACT THAT SHE IS STILL HUNGRY.



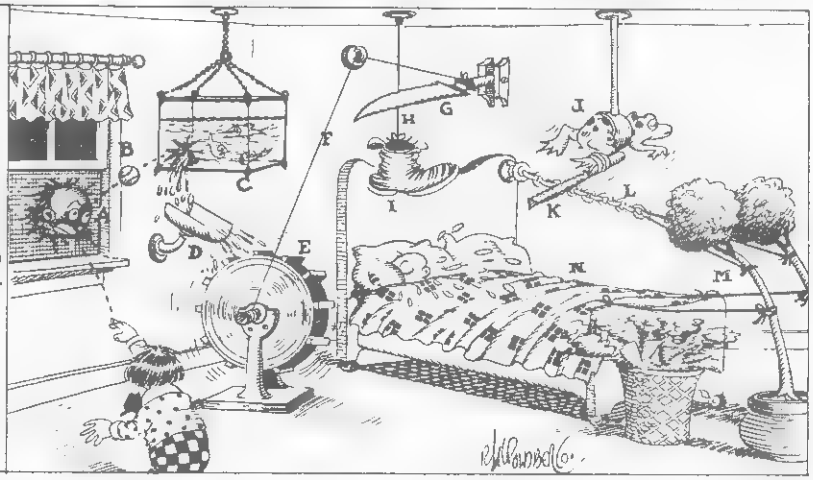

AUTOMATIC SUICIDE DEVICE FOR UNLUCKY STOCK SPECULATORS – WHEN PHONE (A) RINGS, IT IS PROBABLY A MESSAGE FROM YOUR BROKER SAYING YOU ARE WIPED OUT. PHONE BELL WAKES UP OFFICE MANAGER (B) WHO STRETCHES, HITTING LEVER (C) AND STARTING TOY GLIDER (D) WHICH NOSEDIVES AND HITS HEAD OF DWARF (E) – HE JUMPS UP AND DOWN FROM PAIN, WORKING HANDLE OF JACK (F), LIFTING PIG (G) TO LEVEL OF POTATO (H) ON END OF BOOKKEEPER'S COLLAR BUTTON (I) – PIG EATS POTATO AND MOTION OF COLLAR BUTTON ANNOYS BOOKKEEPER WHO MOVES HEAD FORWARD WITH SUDDEN JERK, CAUSING STRING (J) TO SHOOT OFF GUN (K) AND END YOUR TROUBLES – IF TELEPHONE CALL IS NOT FROM BROKER, YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT THE MISTAKE BECAUSE YOU'LL BE DEAD ANYWAY.




PROFESSOR BUTTS, TRAINING FOR THE OLYMIC GAMES, BROAD JUMPS INTO THE GRAND CANYON BY MISTAKE AND, BEFORE HE REACHES BOTTOM HAS PLENTY OF TIME TO INVENT A NEAT LITTLE FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

PORTER (A) SMELLS SMOKE COMING FROM ROOM AND IN THE EXCITEMENT STICKS HIS HEAD THROUGH WINDOW SCREEN TO INVESTIGATE. LITTLE BOY REMEMBERING CARNIVAL, THROWS BASEBALL (B) WHICH BOUNCES OFF PORTER'S HEAD AND BREAKS GLASS IN AQUARIUM (C), CAUSING WATER TO RUN INTO TROUGH (D) AND REVOLVE PADDLE WHEEL (E) WHICH WINDS ROPE (F), PULLING KNIFE (G) AND CUTTING CORD (H). SHOE (I) FALLS ON BABY'S FACE, BABY SHEDS COPIOUS TEARS. SPLASHING OF TEARS MAKES BULL FROG (J) THINK OF BABBLING BROOK AND HE STARTS SWIMMING CAUSING FILE (K) TO CUT CHAIN (L) WHICH BREAKS AND ALLOWS TREES (M) TO SNAP UPRIGHT AND PULL WET BLANKET (N) OVER BURNING WASTE BASKET, THEREBY EXTINGUISHING FIRE.

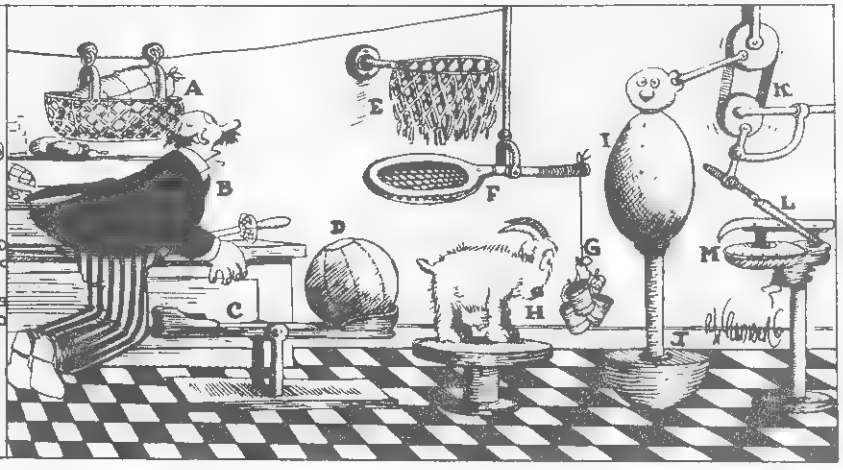
IF THE FIRE DOESN'T HAPPEN TO BE IN THE WASTE BASKET, CALL OUT THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.




PROFESSOR BUTTS, WHILE OVERHAULING A 1907 FORD, FINDS AN IDEA FOR A SIMPLE WAY TO SHARPEN ICE SKATES.

WIRE BUNDLE-BASKET (A) IN SPORTING STORE HITS FLOORWALKER (B) AND KNOCKS HIM DIZZY. AS HE SINKS TO FLOOR HIS KNEES HIT END OF SEE-SAW (C) WHICH TOSSES BASKET BALL (D) INTO BROKEN NET (E). BALL FALLS ON TENNIS RACKET (F) CAUSING GROUP OF TIN CANS (G) TO FLY UP OUT OF REACH OF HUNGRY GOAT (H). GOAT, BEING ROBBED OF HIS DINNER, JUMPS IN FURY AND BUTTS HIS HEAD AGAINST BOXING DUMMY (I). DUMMY SWAYS BACK AND FORTH ON SWIVEL BASE (J), CAUSING TWO ECCENTRIC WHEELS (K) TO PUSH FILE (L) ACROSS BLADE OF SKATE (M) AND MAKE IT SHARP ENOUGH TO USE FOR SKATING IN THE WINTER AND SHAVING IN THE SUMMER.

YOU MAY THINK IT CRUEL TO HIT THE FLOORWALKER ON THE HEAD. BUT WE ASSURE YOU THERE IS NOTHING INSIDE WHICH CAN BE DAMAGED.



# Rube Goldberg

# PRISONER OF WAR

**A Personal Note from Goldberg**

*I happened to be in Paris when the world struggle first began. I endured a few relatively insignificant hardships.*

*This is not an attempt to give a humorous turn to the most disastrous war in the history of man.*

*In preparing these stories and cartoons I have never for one instant lost sight of the tragic side of this terrible conflict which has brought sorrow to the hearts of thousands of good people in the warring countries.*

*I feel that I am not overstepping the bounds of propriety in giving a none too serious account of my own and the experiences of other American travelers, who suffered nothing but a loss of nerve and a scarcity of wearing apparel through the rapid developments directly after the mobilization of the armies of Europe.*

*I got away with my health and my safety razor. I am thankful.*

*If I succeed in drying a tear or two without sacrificing any of the ideals of human feeling I shall be able to look the Statue of Liberty in the face and write her telephone number down in my little red book.*

*—R. L. Goldberg*
*(On board S.S. La France, August, 1914)*

## After They Hand You a War —What Are You Going To Do With It?

I am sitting on the wharf at Havre, France, with no very definite idea of what I am going to do with it. My clothes are in Paris. The few odds and ends that help to put me outside the range of Anthony Comstock's wrath were gathered from the wardrobe of a French peasant who was too busy saying good-bye to his wife to shoot me down as a looter.

As I slowly and carefully sponge off the celluloid collar that fits me better around the waist than the neck, and with which I expect to hide the abject poverty that has been thrust upon me by the gods of war, I mingle with the thousands of other unfortunate Americans who are waiting to be taken back to the land where you can walk into a restaurant, order a dish of ham and eggs, and get ham and eggs.

As I gaze at the improvised fancy vest, which only a few days ago did service as a pillow-case in my hotel, it all comes back to me in forceful reality.

How, while going for my mail on the Rue Scribe, an excited countryman rushed up and told me that Austria-Hungary had declared war on Servia. Baron Whosis sent a note to the Servian Legislature, or House of Congress, or Committee of Arrangements, or Board of Directors and told them in a few words that he was peeved at the way the Servians neglected to include Hungarian dishes in their daily routine of food. The note was returned in a short time to the Baron, saying that the

## MOBILIZATION AND KISSING MEAN THE SAME THING IN PARIS

DON'T USE IT ALL UP
IF THAT GOES WITH THE MEAL, I CANCEL MY ORDER
ADIEU, MY OWN
CAN THE HORSE SWIM?
AU REVOIR, JAQUES-IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, I WILL WEAR YOUR FAVORITE SOUP SPOON NEXT TO MY HEART
SOME OF THE OFFICERS MADE THEM STAND IN LINE TO AVOID BEING TRAMPLED ON.
HACKMEN HAVE HEARTS, TOO.
THERE'S SOME MISTAKE- I GUESS I'M STILL IN LONDON
CHERIE, LOOK OUT FOR LITTLE PIERRE AND DON'T FORGET TO FEED THE FROGS
HEARTLESS WOMAN! SHE'S NOT EVEN CRYING
THE WOMEN MADE NO ATTEMPT TO HOLD BACK.
ON THE FIRST DAYS OF MOBILIZATION THE SOLDIERS WERE TOO BUSY KISSING EVERYBODY GOOD-BYE TO THINK OF DANGER.
THEY SAID GOOD-BYE TO EVERYTHING IN SIGHT

All art this article from the collection of Richard Marschall

committee was very sorry to inform him that it was busy playing pool.

So the Baron said, "I declare war. You're it!"

I was mildly interested. I asked my informer who had been selected to write the music. I stepped into a cigar store in the Boulevard des Capucines and bought a smoke. I tendered the apparition behind the counter a fifty-franc note. She immediately burst into the last act of Tosca—with gestures. I assured her I had no intention of offering her any financial inducement to leave home, but she would not be pacified.

As I waited for the gendarmes to come and drag me off to the Bastille, a charitable Frenchman, who had learned his English from a London time-table, told me the French shopkeepers were not changing any paper money. They were hanging on to their gold and silver. Government paper was not worth anything in a time of war.

"But Austria and Servia are only having a private twenty-round bout," I declared. "France is not at war!"

"Sure he is," answered my English-speaking French friend, "and so is England and Germany and Russia and Italy and Belgium and Turkey and the Malay Peninsula and Montenegro and Mount Vesuvius and Count Zeppelin and all the rest of the uncivilized world!"

When the spots passed from before my eyes I bought a copy of *Figaro* from a newsboy who had served in the war in 1870. With the help of a French-English dictionary and the little French I had picked up fighting with taxicab drivers, I understood.

There it was in black-and-white—and red. The whole map was about to be torn to pieces in a conflict such as has never been recorded in ancient or modern history.

Baron Whosis gets up on the wrong side and the whole world goes to war. That cannot be possible. That's why I know it is true!

But why?

In front of the Cafe de la Paix I saw a man with a pair of pants that were too close to his shoes and a collar that was too far away from his neck, standing in the center of a group of South Bend school teachers explaining the situation in a few well-chosen words.

"You see," he was explaining, "Servia is a Slav kingdom under the protection of her great-grandmother, Russia. France is bound to England and Rhode Island by the Treaty of Something-or-other.

"Now, Germany and Switzerland and Egypt are pledged to stand together by the Triple Alliance. So, naturally, in view of the fact that China and Denmark would be adjacent if Sweden were closer to Japan, everybody must fight everybody else when Austria calls a messenger boy and sends a hastily written note to Servia."

I was never very good in extracting cube roots, so I took his word for it. Why should I excite myself needlessly about a lot of foreign countries who thought it was about time their soldiers went to work. They had taken vacations ranging from one to twenty years and should be well rested and fit for action.

I was going back to the Polo Grounds and the One-Step Halls and the Automat in a few days and the pillars of my tranquility could not be so easily shaken.

I glanced toward my bank in the Place de l'Opera. The entrance was black with people. I asked a cab driver if he had run over anybody. He said, "No, but I will, if you stick around until I can draw my money from the bank."

Something drew me into that crowd in front of the bank. I don't know whether it was the forward end of an automobile or the tensional strength of the odor of garlic.

After having my features rearranged from the ancient Corinthian to the modern Louis XIV., and sharing my necktie and part of my shirt with seven other men of doubtful nationality, I reached the cashier's desk. I caught him just as he was going down for the last time, and succeeded in extracting $92, which was charged to my letter of credit as $100. It cost me $8 to get $100, and money was getting more expensive as the war fever rose. Soon the banks would all be closed. All the money in France would disappear in half an hour. Every sou was needed to buy shoes and wine for the army. All non-soldiers would have to stay in bed till the war was over. When I figured out how many bowls of chili con carne that $8 shortage on my letter of credit would buy, I began to realize the awful significance of war.

But let us gaze toward the west and envy our fortunate tailor sitting over there on his nice comfortable work bench with twenty or thirty other button mechanics perspiring the free and wholesome perspiration of peace before we continue to live over the thrills of our first and, we hope, our last face to face experience with old man War himself.

# There's No Use in Hailing a a Taxi When a Whole Nation Is Busy Mobilizing an Army —and a Light Lunch

Let me see. Where was I when I last unbridled my slumbering thoughts and lived over again the scenes the stage manager of war built around me when the big trouble was first started? Oh, yes! I was seated on my trunk, looking out upon the peaceful harbor of Havre, France, with its many canals and docks and drawbridges and piers. I am still sitting on my trunk, and my trunk is still sitting on the wharf. None of us has moved—neither I, the trunk, nor the wharf, at present the only action I can hope for in this direction is that I shall soon be moved to tears.

So I take another pull on my 30-centime pipe and go back to Paris to the day when France first realized that she was about to take one of the leading parts in the war of all wars.

I had emerged from the bank with the last $92 I was able to raise on my still healthy letter of credit and something told me I was in wrong.

I hailed a taxi. I did not expect to ride back to America in it; I just hailed it for something better to do. Hailing a taxi is like raising a mustache. There's no reason for it. So, being shorn of reason by the rapid succession of startling developments, I hailed a taxi.

The driver, a rare specimen of paleozoic foliage, looked over his hedge, bowed sweetly, and kept moving.

I hailed another. He threw me a kiss and kept moving. I hailed taxis as they were never hailed before. But they all kept moving. Each one had a soldier on board. Each soldier had a cigarette in his mouth and a lady in his arm. They were going to join the colors. They were mobilizing.

That's the word—mobilizing! I went to the postoffice and asked the man in the cage when the next mail steamer sailed for America. He looked at me pityingly and answered, "Mobilization." I rushed over to the Gallerie Lafayette and asked one of the upholstered floor-walkers to direct me to the lawn-sprinkler department. He lifted his embroidery, clutched a butter-mold, waved it in a warlike gesture and answered, "Mobilization."

The strain was beginning to tell on me. The strangeness of everything was beyond my understanding. I suddenly remembered I had had no breakfast.

I slipped quietly in Viels's, glided loosely into a chair and looked around for a waiter. An eighty-one-year-old hatboy was dozing in a corner. I tickled him behind the ear with his crutch and he woke up.

"I am famished," I said, "I want something to eat." He answered, "Mobilization," and sank back into dreams of his schoolmate, Napoleon.

My thoughts dashed through my brain in hyperbolas and parabolas. Everything was rapidly growing dim. I sank down into my chair like an automobile owner who had just received his first bill for repairs. A menu lay before me on the table. It seemed to read:

*Canteloupe de mobilization.* *Mobilization consommé.*
*Turbot au mobilization.* *Poulet à la mobilization.*
*Mobilization Fromage.* *Mobilization Melba.*
*Mobilization Tasse.*

It was mobilization from soup to nuts.

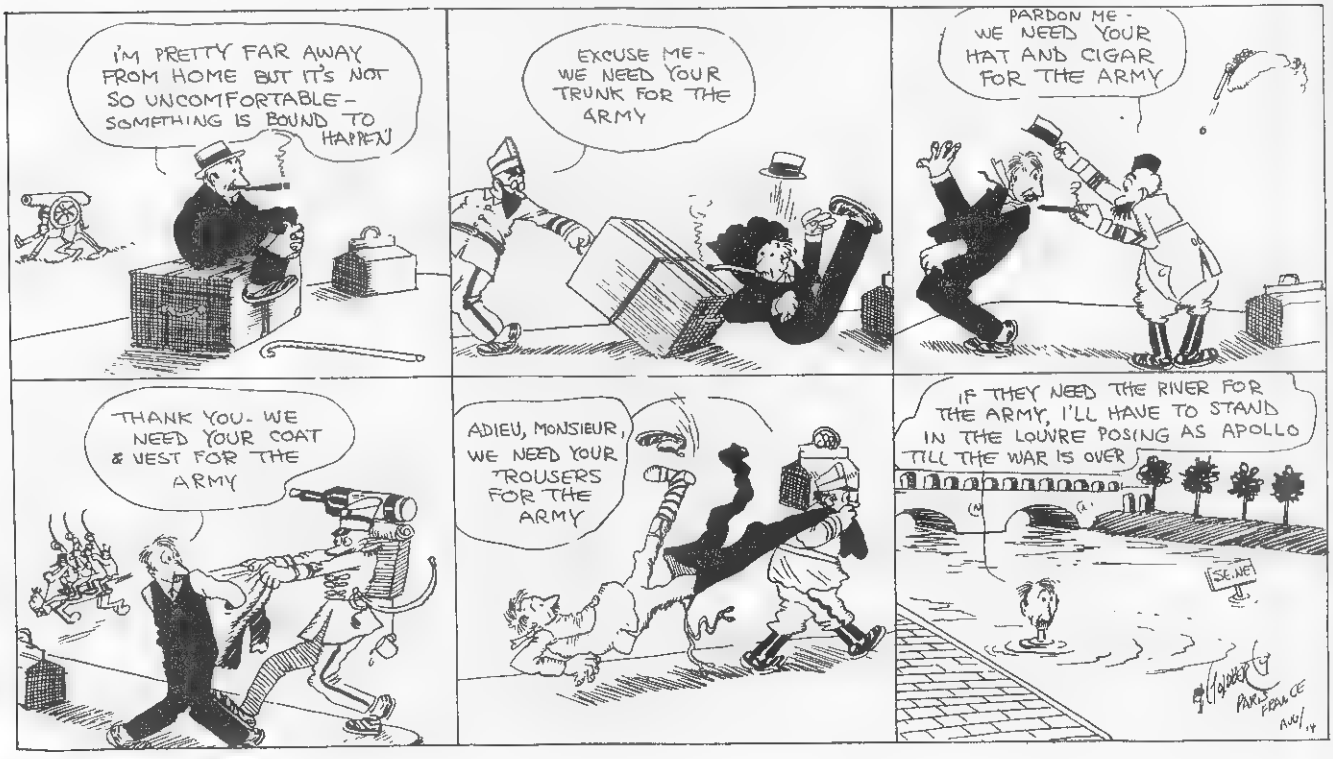
Outside, the air was full of the music of patriotism—yelling, cheering, singing and the tramping of feet. Tremendous crowds of men, women and children were marching through the streets, making noises which, when properly assorted and carefully focused on a sensitive eardrum, registered the French national anthem. A little girl, with a coarse, rugged shawl thrown over her narrow shoulders and the light of heaven in her dark-brown eyes, waved a French flag in the breeze. Four hundred waiters fell in behind and "vived" themselves into hoarseness while we poor boobs sat at our tables trying to recall the features and general appearance of a steak.

When the extra editions of *Figaro, Matin, Petit Journal, Temps, La Patrie,* and other Paris dailies, which were literally flooding the streets, began to be digested by the inflamed crowds and a vague idea of the order and sympathies of the various allies began to twine around the blood corpuscles of the people, flags of other nations appeared upon the boulevards.

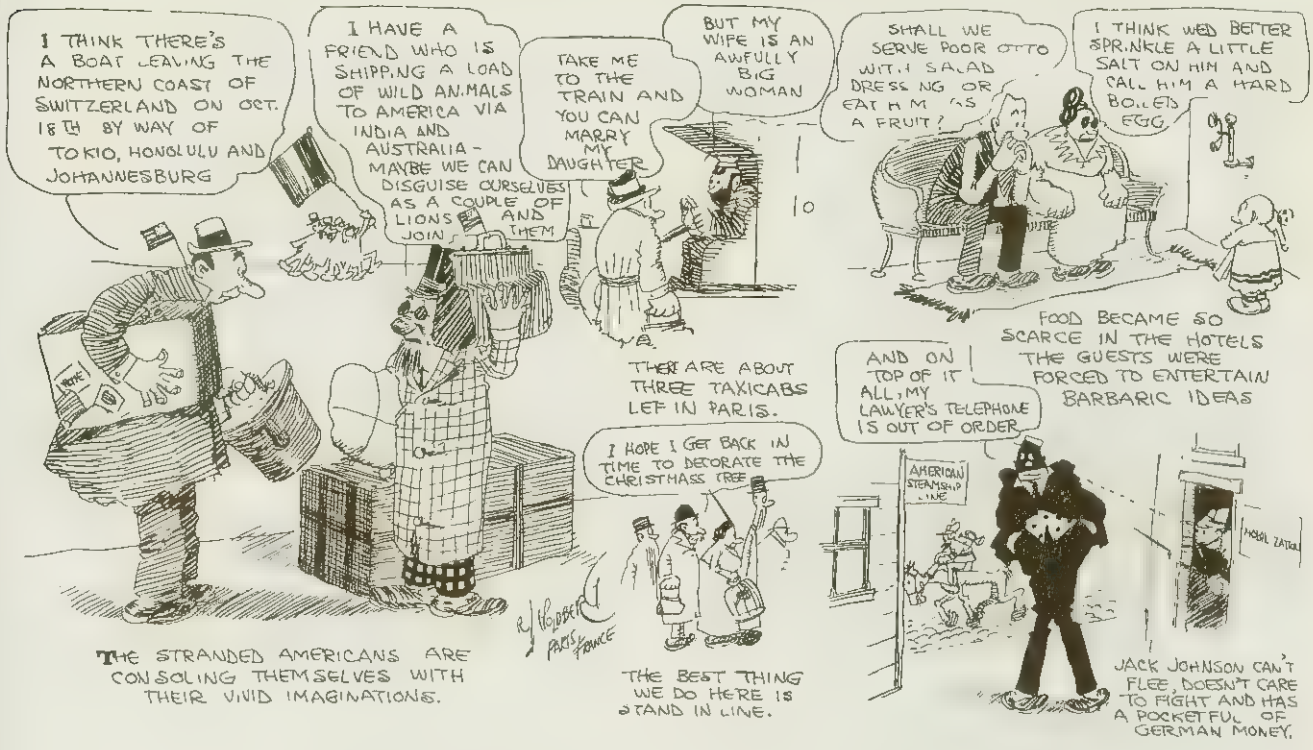
The English flag was soon as much in evidence as the French.

When the Russian colors loomed up on the horizon a great cheer scatterd the garlic fumes in all directions. The Belgian flag, the Turkish flag, the Chinese flag, the Bolivian flag, the

THE ONLY THING YOU CAN CALL YOUR OWN IN WARTIME IS YOUR INDIGNATION


I'M PRETTY FAR AWAY FROM HOME BUT IT'S NOT SO UNCOMFORTABLE - SOMETHING IS BOUND TO HAPPEN
EXCUSE ME - WE NEED YOUR TRUNK FOR THE ARMY
PARDON ME - WE NEED YOUR HAT AND CIGAR FOR THE ARMY
THANK YOU - WE NEED YOUR COAT & VEST FOR THE ARMY
ADIEU, MONSIEUR, WE NEED YOUR TROUSERS FOR THE ARMY
IF THEY NEED THE RIVER FOR THE ARMY, I'LL HAVE TO STAND IN THE LOUVRE POSING AS APOLLO TILL THE WAR IS OVER
SEINE

**WE'D LIKE TO WALK BACK, BUT ALL THE SHOE STORES IN PARIS ARE CLOSED**


I THINK THERE'S A BOAT LEAVING THE NORTHERN COAST OF SWITZERLAND ON OCT. 18TH BY WAY OF TOKIO, HONOLULU AND JOHANNESBURG
I HAVE A FRIEND WHO IS SHIPPING A LOAD OF WILD ANIMALS TO AMERICA VIA INDIA AND AUSTRALIA - MAYBE WE CAN DISGUISE OURSELVES AS A COUPLE OF LIONS AND JOIN THEM
TAKE ME TO THE TRAIN AND YOU CAN MARRY MY DAUGHTER
BUT MY WIFE IS AN AWFULLY BIG WOMAN
SHALL WE SERVE POOR OTTO WITH SALAD DRESSING OR EAT HIM AS A FRUIT?
I THINK WE'D BETTER SPRINKLE A LITTLE SALT ON HIM AND CALL HIM A HARD BOILED EGG
THERE ARE ABOUT THREE TAXICABS LEFT IN PARIS.
FOOD BECAME SO SCARCE IN THE HOTELS THE GUESTS WERE FORCED TO ENTERTAIN BARBARIC IDEAS
AND ON TOP OF IT ALL, MY LAWYER'S TELEPHONE IS OUT OF ORDER
I HOPE I GET BACK IN TIME TO DECORATE THE CHRISTMASS TREE
AMERICAN STEAMSHIP LINE
THE STRANDED AMERICANS ARE CONSOLING THEMSELVES WITH THEIR VIVID IMAGINATIONS.
THE BEST THING WE DO HERE IS STAND IN LINE.
JACK JOHNSON CAN'T FLEE, DOESN'T CARE TO FIGHT AND HAS A POCKETFUL OF GERMAN MONEY.

Montenegrian flag, the Hindustan flag—any flag that had no trace of the frankfurter or pretzel upon it—was welcomed with a great cheer.

The people soon forgot that Austria and Servia were arguing over a mistake in grammar or a bad egg or something or other. All they felt and knew was that the expression on the face of the frankfurter was hard and cruel, the dachshund was an artistic calamity, the pretzel was criminally indigestible and beer was rank poison.

I was seeing history. I did not know whether to be happy or sad. When you read history you can eat and ride on boats and send out laundry and bow to people and call for ice water. But I was seeing history, and I could not take out time for recess. I just had to keep on seeing it. It had me licked in all directions. So there was nothing left for me but to keep on looking at it. I had a very vague idea in my mind that it would be wise to leave France flat on its back at this stage of the game.

But my own confusion was so great that the sum total of my organized aggressiveness was to wish merely myself elsewhere. My reason was not clear enough to tell me the only way to keep from remaining in the same place is to go away.

I soon found myself in the Boulevard Montmartre, standing in front of what was left of a large plate-glass window that had been smashed to a million bits. Many dill pickles were lying torn and bleeding upon the pavement, and the adjoining street was paved with coffee cake. An angry crowd had demolished a delicatessen store because the proprietor's grandfather smoked a German pipe. As I floated along with the tide of excited humanity I saw dozens of beautiful German shops totally wrecked. I heard later that this damage had been done by a mob led by a gentleman in baggy trousers who, in his anxiety to stock himself up with absinthe before the price went up, loaded his shelf with more than he could handle. The gendarmes treated him accordingly, but a trifle late.

Most of the demonstrations were conducted without personal violence.

As I wandered back to my hotel to rest up for the strenous events of the morrow, I passed up one of those winding side streets that trickle through Paris in all directions. Just before emerging into the broad street, where I hoped to gain peace in slumber, I noticed the dark figure of a man crouching in a doorway. I knew he was an Apache. Law and order had disappeared. He was out early to ply his vile pursuit. My watch, my $92, my tiepin, my shirt, my life, my everything was all but gone. I figured I may as well have it over with. Death is not such a terrible thing when life has had all its sweetness removed by the cruel and mysterious workings of war.

I walked up boldly and faced a man with a green beard. I opened my vest to make way for his blade. With a yell, he pulled off the tapestry, threw his arms around me and kissed me. It was my friend, Shultz, from Short Hills, New Jersey. He was German, and the green beard was his only chance.

## The Hotel Valet Cannot Stop the War To Press a Pair of Trousers

It was the second day of mobilization and my trousers needed pressing. I pressed the button marked "valet" and waited. I pressed the button marked "waiter" and waited. I pressed the button marked "porter" and waited. I pressed every other button in the room and waited. But nothing happened. Everything was pressed but my trousers.

When I emerged from the elevator on the ground floor I was confronted by a pile of a thousand trunks.

All the male employees of the hotel excepting one Swiss bellboy had gone to war. It evolved upon the sturdy Swiss lad to run the elevator, make the beds, carry baggage, wait on the tables, handle the books and polish the doorknobs. So, naturally, the service was noticeably unsatisfactory.

The walls all over the ground floor were plastered with notices instructing all Germans and Austrians to leave town within twenty-four hours. Heavy-set gentlemen, with wrinkles in their necks, were busy explaining to the Swiss proprietor-janitor-chambermaid-bellboy, in a rich Limburger dialect that they were Scotch tourists doing a bit of golfing in and around Paris. One man with Heidelberg duel scars scattered all over his face pinned a Peruvian flag in his buttonhole and indicated that he was deaf and dumb. The next day his power of speech returned to him suddenly when he crossed the border into Germany.

At this particular time the chief concern of Americans in Paris was whether or not the folks in Washington realized their awful predicament. I, myself, had received no word from the United States for three whole weeks.

"Do they know that war has broken out?" "Will they leave us over here to starve to death?" "They ought to send the whole American navy over to bring us back." "Is Bryan too busy in vaudeville to send us any assistance?" "The only boats running to America are the Turkish colliers, and they go the other way." "Do you suffer much when you starve to death?" These were a few of the things that filled the air where ever the Americans gathered together in little groups to console one another. The sensation of being shut off from communication with the rest of the world was beginning to tell. Any word of encouragement was absorbed with great faith.

If a man had gone through the American colony saying he had arranged to slip us through a hole in Bois de Boulogne so we could come out on the other side of the world in the middle of the Pacific ocean, there would have been a mad scramble for tickets.

A mass meting was held in the Grand Hotel and many men who felt it would be a long time before they could attend any banquets, availed themselves of the opportunity and made speeches. We thought they said something and applauded. The more applause the speeches received the less help we received. A committee was appointed for everything and everybody was appointed on a committee. Later, member Number 365 of Committee Number 687 said President Wilson was sending over $200,000 to relieve our sufferings—the inability to have trousers pressed, the lack of picture shows, the absence of bartenders, the high rate of taxicabs and other hardships.

There were approximately 300,000 Americans stranded in Europe. So that $200,000 relief fund represented seventy-five cents a head. My spirits rose. I was worth six bits!

I went out into the streets to watch the troops and army wagons file slowly by.

Every soldier in his new uniform—or old one that had been hanging in the kitchen for months or perhaps years—had a smile on his face. It was not a smile of self-satisfaction. Nor was it a smile of joy. It was a smile of faith and bravery. There was something holy in that expression.

I have no particular interest in France, excepting that I feel grateful for its artistic atmosphere, rare wines, cheap carriages and red lips. But a great big lump rose right up into the middle of my throat when I saw those men, fresh from heart-breaking farewells to their wives and children and sweethearts, riding right square into almost certain destruction with the calm resignation and divine confidence of those inspired by some power more than mortal.

I cheered and sang and even shed a tear or two. Perhaps I would have felt the same way had I been in Berlin to see the German soldiers take leave of their loved ones. This may be old stuff to those who have passed through trying times and have become blasé. I hadn't time to think of the grotesque figure I may have presented standing there deeply touched by a sight that had little or no bearing on my own personal future.

I saw something that showed me there is still a nobility among men and it has nothing to do with a crest.

There was not a dry-eyed woman in all that crowd that thronged the streets. Patriotism knows no restraint nor etiquette. Nature obeys the higher instincts. I saw a fashionably-dressed woman with a delicate child in her arms embracing her husband right in the middle of the street. No one stared and no one passed a word or ridicule. The air about them was held sacred.

The man looked like, and probably was, a prosperous lawyer or physician. But his uniform was rough, and he wore no decorations. He carried his identification card inside his heavy blue coat and he was going away from everything he loved to fight, not for any personal glory, but for his fair, green country.

I said to myself, "This is no place for a man who owes himself money."

So I wandered out the Champs Elysees till I came to Place de la Concorde, where old lady Strassburg has sat for so many years robed in black in memory of her folks, Alsace and Lorraine. But she was no longer weeping. Her black crepe and wreath had given way to red, white and blue bunting and cheerful French flags and flowers of brilliant colors. She was wearing her newest tango dress, and thousands of admirers were standing in front of her asking her for the next dance.

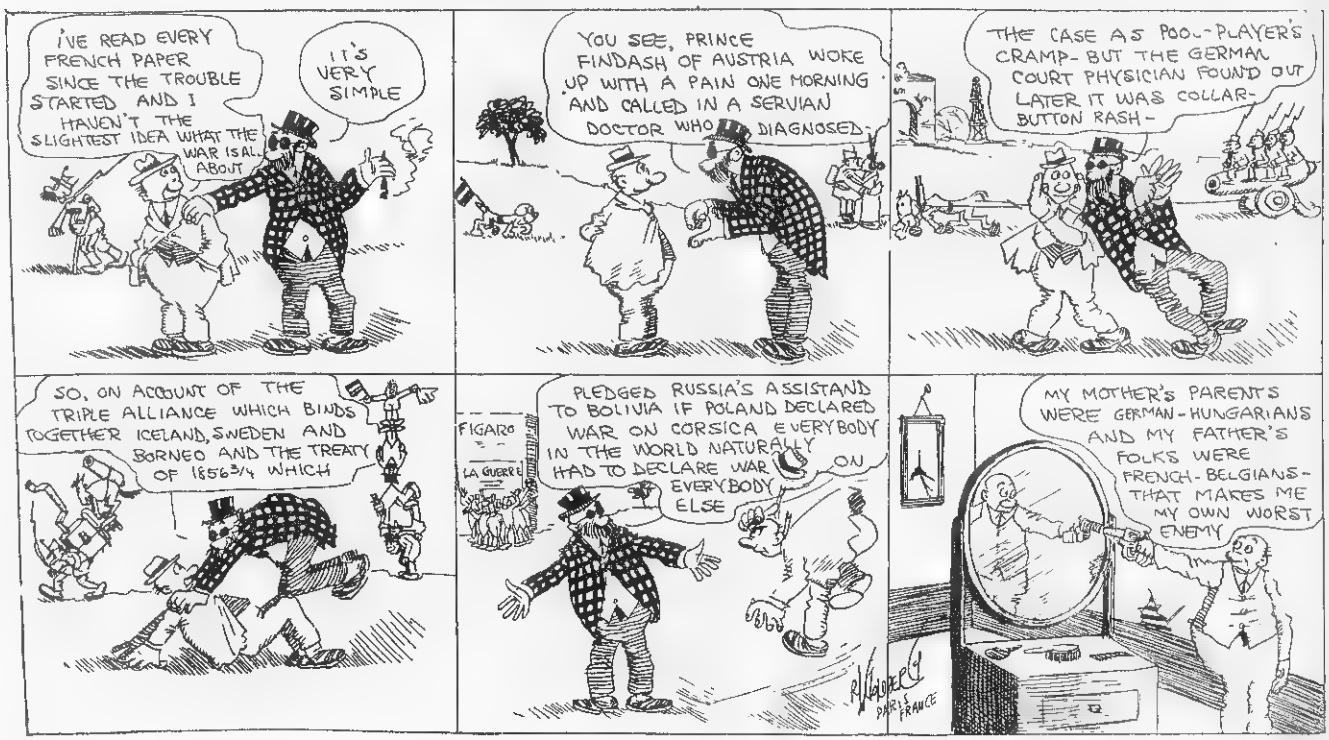
Her days of mourning were over—for the time being at least. I asked her out to lunch. Receiving no reply, I turned around and was confronted by my three friends, the Blonde, the Brunette and the Redhead. They were up against it like the rest of us Americans, and meeting themselves coming and going in all directions.

"I hate to leave Paris," said the Blonde. "I can't live anywhere else. The men here admire beauty, and I need admiration."

"What will my poor mother say," exclaimed the Redhead. "This is the first time I have ever left home. My poor mother! She has a weak heart!"

"I just heard it from a reliable source," said the Brunette con-

**IF YOU ARE ON THE GROUND, NATURALLY YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THE WAR SITUATION MORE THOROUGHLY**


I'VE READ EVERY FRENCH PAPER SINCE THE TROUBLE STARTED AND I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHAT THE WAR IS ALL ABOUT
IT'S VERY SIMPLE
YOU SEE, PRINCE FINDASH OF AUSTRIA WOKE UP WITH A PAIN ONE MORNING AND CALLED IN A SERVIAN DOCTOR WHO DIAGNOSED
THE CASE AS POOL-PLAYER'S CRAMP- BUT THE GERMAN COURT PHYSICIAN FOUND OUT LATER IT WAS COLLAR-BUTTON RASH-
SO, ON ACCOUNT OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE WHICH BINDS TOGETHER ICELAND, SWEDEN AND BORNEO AND THE TREATY OF 1856 3/4 WHICH
FIGARO
LA GUERRE
PLEDGED RUSSIA'S ASSISTAND TO BOLIVIA IF POLAND DECLARED WAR ON CORSICA EVERYBODY IN THE WORLD NATURALLY HAD TO DECLARE WAR ON EVERYBODY ELSE
MY MOTHER'S PARENTS WERE GERMAN-HUNGARIANS AND MY FATHER'S FOLKS WERE FRENCH-BELGIANS- THAT MAKES ME MY OWN WORST ENEMY
PARIS FRANCE

fidentially, "there will be no boats sailing for America for a year. And Turkey has declared war on Afghanistan."

I calmly said, "Let's talk this thing over," and we walked downtown to Weber's.

## A Mustache or an Important Looking Paper Will Get You Anything You Want in a French Restaurant.

While I realize that the minds and sympathies of the good people in America must be thoroughly attuned to the awful meaning of the European death struggle, still the reading of war bulletins is not quite so vivid as the experience of sitting on a French wharf with nothing to connect you with the peaceful fields across the Atlantic but hope and a headache.

I am out of the range of the machines of slaughter, and I am also out of the range of a square meal. Fortunately,the tobacco in my pipe is so bad that mys sensibilities are benumbed to the extent of being unable to feel the stress of present events. The days of mobilization that caught me in Paris with a three days' growth of watercress on my upper lip were my last moments of conscious existence, and I go back to them by way of the ethereal route lest complete darkness crowd in upon me and place my name in the list of casualties.

I am seated in Weber's with my fellow refugees, the Blonde, the Brunette and the Redhead. They are weak, defenseless women, caught in the vortex of a terrible whirlpool of arms and sentiment, and need the protection and guidance of a masculine hand. They mistake the fuzz on my upper lip for a sign of power, and this gives me the courage to step into the breach and assume the attitude of what they think I am.

I start showing them the superiority of the male sex in time of trouble by buying them food.

The band is playing the national anthems of France, England and Russia. Many soldiers are eating their last regular meal. They are saying *"au revoir"* to hot consommé and cold vintage wines.

Our waiter talks French exclusively, but has a face like an Ulster patriot. As he moves toward the kitchen he gives the appearance of a bowling ball going down the alley for a spare. He walks as though he were trying to gather enough money together to buy himself an invalid chair. He is too busy fighting his mortal enemy, lumbago, to take an active interest in trivial things like world warfare.

Naturally, I feel encouraged. All I have to do is to subdue a sick waiter and three estimable ladies will call me a hero.

"How I'll miss Paris!" said the Blonde. "I can't live without the adulation of the French boulevardiers."

"I'll bet my poor mother hasn't darned a sock since the war broke out," said Redhead. "She's helpless when she's worried about me."

"What do you think," exclaimed the cheerful Brunette, "they're going to put us all in the Bastille and make us crochet shoelaces for the army!"

The poor girls needed confidence. I only had about seventeen centimes' worth of it on my own person at the time, but I was determined to exploit it to its fullest extent.

I asked the lumbago patient for the check. *"L'addition, l'addition,"* I yelled in my California French. Water-eyed Leon, whose name was probably Maurice or Armand, came with the bad news, and I said, "Thanks, Phil." It was thirteen francs. They were not accepting any large paper bills. A fifty-franc note was all I had. Here was a chance to make good with my fair friends and let them feel the fear-not-little-one power about them.

Lumbago Dick took my fifty-franc note, not having enough interest in life to turn me down. He shuffled over to Mrs. Weber, who was entrenched behind the cash desk, and laid it in front of her. She dictated a synopsis of *Les Misérables* with appropriate physical punctuations and aimed Rheumatism Edmund back at me. Jacques brought back the fifty-franc note and told me there was nothing doing. At least, I think he told me there was nothing doing. His high C was a bit metallic.

The girls were losing faith in me.

I suddenly recalled how a cab driver had once frightened me into paying an exorbitant fee by turning purple and doing a violent club-swinging act without the clubs. So I pulled my necktie so tight that my face took the complexion of a shrimp and waved my arms in all directions, knocking over four salt cellars and a decanter.

Gouty Ferdinand took one look and ran back to Mrs. Weber. Her lips moved quickly and the invalid came back to me. I was still exercising strenuously. Poor Raoul ran back and forth

THE SAFEST PLACE IN EUROPE RIGHT NOW IS THE BATTLEFIELD

I WANT A HAIR-CUT
THE BARBER HAS GONE TO WAR
COIFFEUR
I'D LIKE TO GET A LITTLE MONEY ON MY LETTER OF CREDIT
THE CASHIER HAS GONE TO WAR
BANQUE DE BROKE
I WANT A SMALL STEAK OR A FRIED NECKTIE. I'M STARVING
ALL THE WAITERS HAVE GONE TO WAR
I NEED IMMEDIATE TREATMENT. I'M A DYING MAN
THE DOCTOR HAS GONE TO WAR
M. BANDAGE MEDICO
BURY ME - I THINK I'M DEAD
THE UNDERTAKER HAS GONE TO WAR
HAVE YOU SOMETHING REASONABLE IN A GENERAL'S UNIFORM?
COSTUMES DE LUXE
R. GOLDBERG

# This Cartoon Business

I have no illusions on the subject of advice. People have been getting good advice for thousands of years, and yet repeatedly—I should say deliberately—make the same mistakes. It's human nature to take the long shot—to figure that maybe you will somehow get by after all.

If the rankest amateur hears on all sides that he has absolutely no talent at all, he still believes he will eventually succeed as a cartoonist. Maybe he has read that General Grant as a youth was fired out of West Point; possibly he has imbibed the philosophy of grim determination from Browning's 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came."

I say all this by way of explaining that the editor asked me to make a few suggestions to beginners and others from out of my own experience. I told him I thought advice was usually futile anyhow, but he said, 'Good! Include that in your story."

People who know me personally will admit that I claim no distinction as a soothsayer. Although I have been rather fortunate in the cartoon business, I have never felt qualified to point the road that other folks must travel to Success. I realize there is no substitue for individual experience and plenty of it.

Nevertheless, I do suggest that the best way to start in any trade or profession—particularly cartooning—is to *start young.*

This is important. When you are older your mind and body are less resilient, you cannot stand so well the wallops that are inevitable. With advancing years responsibilities increase and initiative declines. *Start very young.*

A popular fallacy is that the cartoonist and comic artist doesn't need higher education or a knowledge of technique. We have all met the type which insists that the grotesque complex is the only thing really necessary; just draw the figure out of proportion and you will get a laugh out of 'most anybody, thus ensuring fame.

Well, Aunt Martha may fall for that, and Uncle Ned, and the grocer's boy, and the fond Sunday School teacher, but without a well-stored mind and trained hand you can never reach professional success or meet the strain of grinding out new ideas continually from your cartoon-factory.

By all means, get a high school education and go through college also, if possible. You can't get too much education. Of course, I am familiar with the fact that some students spend practically their whole lives at Heidelberg University, stuffing their heads with facts and theories that they never even assimilate, and certainly not apply. That isn't education.

Remember that the wider your knowledge, whether it be taught or self-gained, the more you will get out of life and the more you will be able to put into your cartoons.

If you really have talent, the best way to actually break into the cartoon profession is to hang around a newspaper office. Get a newspaper job, preferably in the art department. Absorb the atmosphere of men who are continually doing the things you want to do. Even if you are only an office boy or layout man or letterer at nothing a week, you have taken the first big step toward Success. Practice all the time, and some day your big chance will come.

By doing art work in a newspaper office you keep close to the sources of supply and distribution. You learn at first hand how cartoons are actually made, sold and printed.

It is possible, of course, to play the lone wolf game successfully—i.e., draw your cartoons at home and peddle them to the syndicates—but to do this is to miss very valuable training and friendships.

About half of my work I do at home and the other half in my office at the McNaught Syndicate, Room 1512, Times Building, New York City. I could work entirely at home if I cared to, which I don't. I need the office atmosphere and contact with associates to keep me from going stale.

I hesitate to disclose my studio-home address because of various agents who may want to sell me something but have never thought to find this information in the telephone book.

Confidentially, I live at 317 West 75th Street, New York City. But, agents, please notice: I have a book. Also an automobile. Also insurance of all kinds. I have no capital to invest in real estate booms, oil stocks, or ignorantly happy heathens in Liberia. If I should ever want an agent for anything at all, I'll send for him. But that isn't likely to be soon, as there has never been any case of softening of the brain in our family.

At the risk of alienating any Bohemian admirers, I admit, rather brazenly, that I am happily married and I cheerfully yield to Doug Fairbanks the palm for receiving bushels of fan letters from the opposite sex.

My romance is not good copy for press agents. In fact, I had some little job in persuading Miss Irma Seeman to become Mrs. Reuben Lucius Goldberg. You see, it was this way:

Ten years ago I tried my hand at animated cartooning in a studio near Times Square. Some of my stuff was running at the Strand Theatre and I was emboldened to exhibit my films in a charity affair at Delmonico's. It was there I met Irma, and was formally introduced. She had first seen me, however, at a restaurant where we were in the habit of dining separately.

Well, Irma was the daughter of a New York wholesale grocer of White Rose Tea fame, and I was just a cartoonist. You know the reputation cartoonists had B.P. (before prohibition). All newspaper men, in fact, were regarded by some folk as more or less disreputable saloon loungers—hard-boiled and soulless. So, when I telephoned Miss Seeman asking if I could see her at home, she replied rather loftily: "I wouldn't have a cartoonist in the house."

Finally, she agreed that I should be paraded before the family for inspection. After I had gone through that ordeal and left the house, Irma quizzed her sister, Kitty, but the only thing the latter had noticed about me was a hole in my sock. Despite this flattering remark, the marriage took place in Sherry's, ten years ago this October.

We have two sons, Tom, eight, and George, six. They both draw well. I encourage them all I can. I will be tickled if they eventually beat me at the game. They like to watch dad at work, and they draw at the same time. Incidentally, I have two brothers and a sister; none of them draw.

The question is often asked: "How did you get a start?"

There's nothing thrilling about my career, but here it is, with everything except Bertillon measurements and police court record:

I was born on the Fourth of July, 1883. (The reader who expects me to make a wise crack at this juncture will be disappointed.) I have always had a grotesque slant on life. I used to practice on the blackboards in school and was very proud when one of my drawings was hung in the Board of Education rooms. I liked Zim's stuff immensely and looked up to him with profound respect—as I still do.

At the age of eleven I studied art at night under Charles Beals, the best sign-painter in San Francisco. If Beals had had more initiative he could have become a great figure in the art world. Write your own moral.

I studied mining engineering at the University of California, to please my parents, and contributed freely to the *Callforna Pelican* and the *Blue and Gold Year Book.* In my senior year, 1904, one of my sketches won a trip to Yosemite Valley which brought me considerable local notoriety as a cartoonist. Candor compels me to admit, however, that I was fired out of classrooms for caricaturing the profs.

# by Rube Goldberg

(1920)

After graduation I worked for three months as a city engineer in San Francisco at $100 a month which wasn't bad in those days but I couldn't stand the white-collared veteran of our office who was doing the same kind of work at only $150 a month. I said to myself: "Rube, this is no place for you."

Cartoonists as I revered a few newspaper faces were not nickels-a-dozen at that time, but the destiny that shapes our ends impelled me to take a newspaper job at $6 per week. That was my decision. I have never since regretted forsaking a cartoonist.

My first task, I recall, was the filling in of the "Ad" I went after in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Former employers filled my portfolio with samples that had been familiar sights in my association of authors. I was soon valued to the management at $12 a week.

In those days editorial cartoonists were at their zenith, and all comic artists aspired to do political cartoons. The profession was lucrative enough. The Hearst papers were due to the birth and popularity of the comic strip.

I was tolerated even at the San Francisco outpost because the cartoonist there had page-a-week space to play with—this to avoid comparisons with me. I applied many times before I finally landed the position—at $15. The pen-and-ink I'd young fellow never dreamed enough to exercise part of his salary as a happy opportunity to work for the [illegible] and [illegible] on.

One day the managing editor fell down on an assignment. I was to go to Berkeley to cover politically the Mayor that he hadn't had right, and was instructed to write the editorial for my paper as well as make the sketches.

I have been writing and drawing ever since, usually against time. Occasionally my two professions [illegible]. I covered the Panama-Pacific Exposition [illegible] and [illegible] at the New York *Herald Tribune*. Gave Mr. Hearst his first newspaper publicity.

[illegible] Exposition in San Francisco [illegible] although I was making $40 a week there I thought I could make the grade if I appeared to go to New York. So I went, and the editor connected with the new New York *Mail*, which I'm sorry to say was defunct only five years ago, when I launched out into syndicating.

I have written for the *American Magazine*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Vanity Fair* and a number of other magazines as well as newspapers. One story in *Vanity Fair* cost me a lot with the character in my studio. It is a good one, though. I was [illegible] a physician with a [illegible] comic from Munich making the round of the [illegible] comment with one artistic [illegible] or several coffee [illegible] I cannot say it is [illegible] a long.

Inclined of growing, [illegible] and [illegible] I [illegible] I have any particular hobbies. Although [illegible] as well as the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the Lambs, Players and a few others, but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

between Mrs. Weber and me until his shoes were worn out. The manager of the place picked him up and deposited him gently in a finger bowl.

Then the manager came to me and explained that he had no gold or silver in the house, but would keep my fifty-france note until I came back the next day with the actual amount of my meal check.

A sudden inspiration seized me. I reached into my pocket for my United States papers. I didn't have any United States papers excepting an old copy of the *Police Gazette*, but this was war, and reaching was legitimate. I produced a white envelope with a mysterious mark upon it and held it three-quarters of an inch from the proprietor's eyes. He couldn't read English, so he was duly impressed.

He rushed upstairs to the safe and immediately returned with five shining ten franc gold pieces! He slipped them to me under the table with an apology, and I hastily paid my bill.

When I looked at the piece of white paper, I saw it was a bill from my dentist!

Outside in the street the three young ladies walked a short distance behind me in silent admiration, and I knew that my mustache had grown fully an eighth of an inch.

Meanwhile we were no nearer to the boat for America and the atmosphere was becoming more warlike by the minute. We met a prominent American standing on the corner. He was calm and collected. He said he had come to Paris to open a big moving-picture theatre and nothing was going to stop him. We forgot our own troubles. In spite of it all, we were still sane. We left the poor nut standing there and headed for the American embassy.

## From the Way an Ambassador Measures Your Head You'd Think He Was Trying to Sell You a New Fall Hat

We started for the American legation on Rue Something-or-other. The embassy was in a very quiet part of town, so people who wanted to go there couldn't find it. As we passed through l'Etoile we saw heavy horses drawing wagons that had been requisitioned for the army. A beautiful Victoria was loaded to the bursting point with mattresses. A jeweler's delivery wagon carried several hundred loaves of bread. Rich-looking limousines and toruing cars were hurrying in all directions laden with tent poles, chocolate, knapsacks, tin cups and shoes.

Everything that could possibly be used by the army was pressed into service. The men driving these odd-looking rigs were cheered every inch of the way. They were better off than I was, but I cheered them, too. They had shoes and bread and were going somewhere. I was moving, but I didn't know where I was going.

After asking thirty-four people to direct us properly and after taking everybody's advice and going in thirty-four different directions, which were all wrong, we came out where we started and looked in a telephone book for the right address.

In a time like this you are too excited to bother with small things like addresses and directions and dates and times and names. You do the wrong thing, and then find out why you're wrong.

The embassy looked like an undertaking parlor. There were two pale-looking young men standing in a corner discussing how to handle the crowd. "Shall we make them stand in line?" said one statesman to the other, "or shall we let them fight their way in?"

The Blonde, the Brunette, the Redhead and I were the only ones present, and we wondered why he should mistake us for a crowd. We had all lost weight during those three trying days of confusion.

I had never spoken to an ambassador before. I was living fast. I was doing something for myself. It took an international war to put me in touch with the Department of State. But I was there, inside the embassy, and that was enough to convince me I was no ordinary person.

"What do you want?" inquired the palest of the two young attaches.

The question staggered me. I had not thought of anything like that. I didn't know, myself. I stammered, "That's what I want you to tell me. What do I want?"

The Redhead came to the rescue. "You see," she said, "war has broken out." The state official looked interested. "We want to get passports or papers of some kind to allow us to get on the boat at Havre, if we can get accommodations, if we can get a train to take us to the boat, if we can leave Paris."

**THE ONLY TIME YOU DON'T NEED A PASSPORT IS WHEN YOU HAVE ONE**

I'LL BE ABLE TO LEAVE FRANCE AND GET OVER INTO ENGLAND AS SOON AS I GET MY PERMIT FROM THE COMMISSIONAIRE OF POLICE
VIVE!
YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THIS DOCUMENT OVER TO 15 RUE DE CAMEMBERT AND HAVE IT O.K'D BY THE CHIEF OF THE STREET-CLEANING DEPARTMENT
NOW, GO TO THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY AND HAVE YOUR MEASURENTS TAKEN BY THE GARDEN HOSE INSPECTOR
YOUR SHOES ARE A BIT TIGHT AROUND THE WAIST BUT I'LL LET THAT PASS ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR WIFE & CHILDREN- NOW, GO TO BOULEVARD BROKEN-ARM AND GET YOUR PASSPORT FROM THE COMMANDER OF FREE LUNCH
IN THE NAME OF NAPOLEON I SEND YOU ON YOUR WAY WITH THE OFFICIAL SEAL OF MARMELADE
THIS WAY TO THE TRAIN - YOU DON'T NEED A PASSPORT
PARIS FRANCE

The quiet little man sneaked over to a cabinet, extracted a few sheets of paper and tiptoed back to his desk. He asked us in turn where we were born; when we had had the measles; how many times we had been arrested; what color bathing suits we preferred, and what was our favorite soup. He then measured us behind the ears, and around the ankles.

After signing our names in three different styles, green, red and blue, we tucked our little papers under our arms and started for the door.

"By the way," the Washington representative shouted after us, "you probably won't need those papers, and if you do you have to get them countersigned by the prefect of police, and then you won't be able to use them. You must see the Consul."

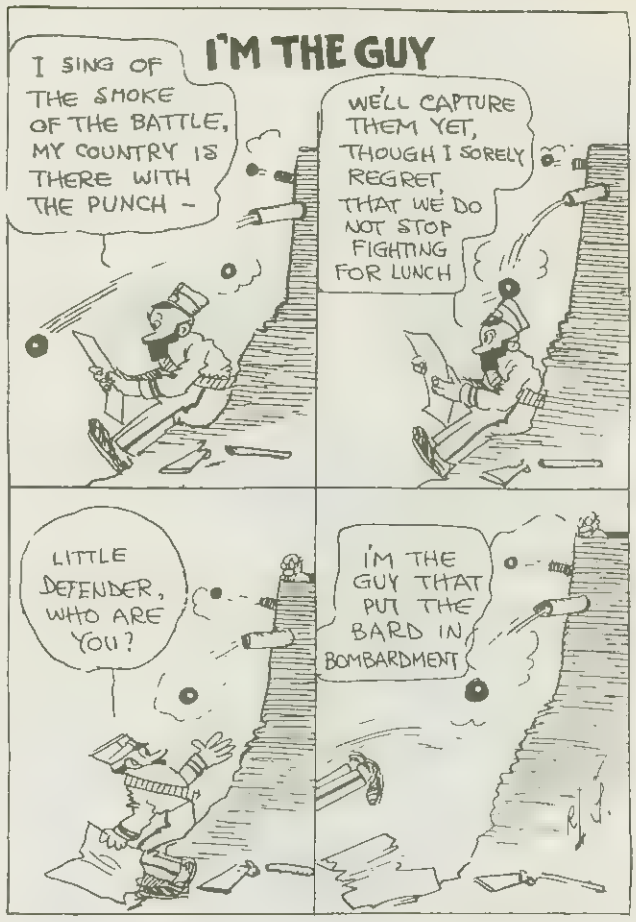
I wanted to add a word before shutting the door, but the young man was ready busy making a date over the phone for tea.

I gathered my flock and blew out into the street to watch the army vehicles being driven to the front by the men who would soon be in the midst of battle, each encircled by a belt of a thousand bleeding hearts.

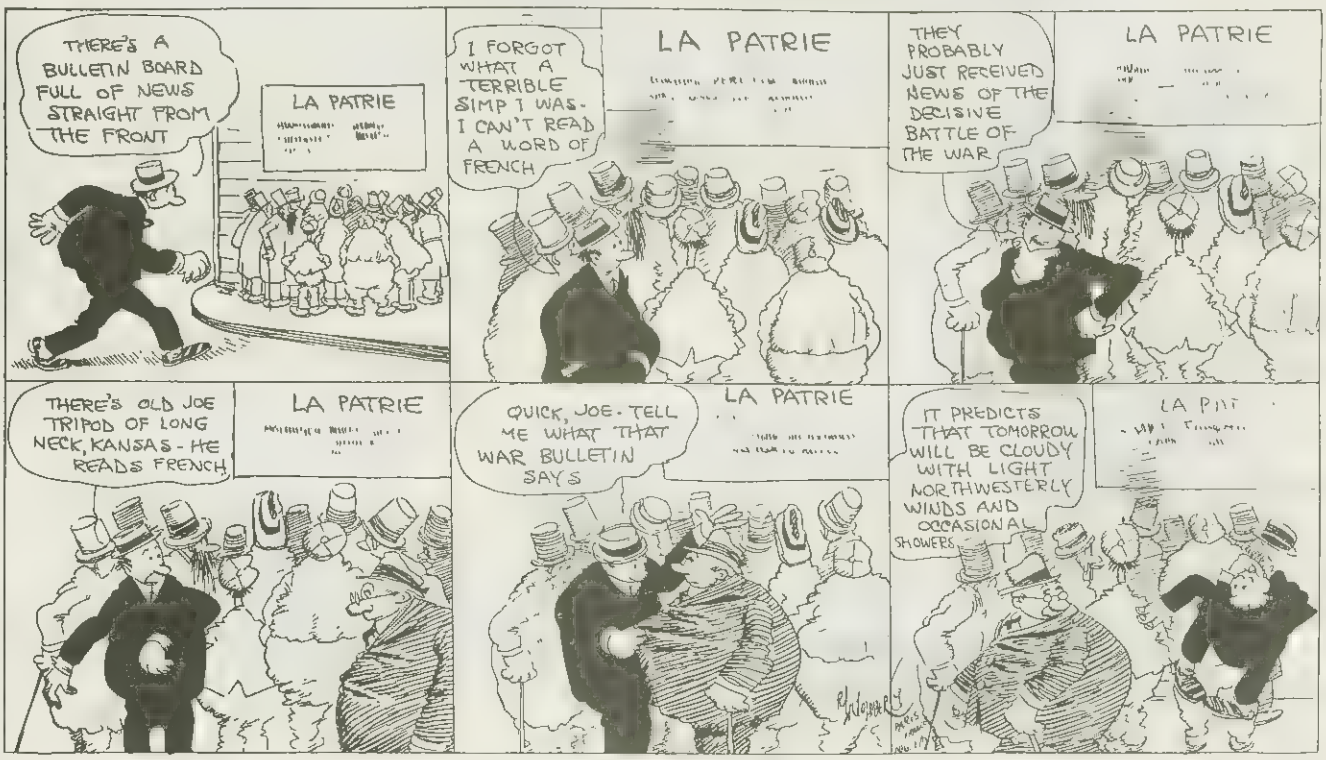
The beautiful equipages that used to slide majestically through the Bois de Boulogne every morning and afternoon were completely missing. A strange stillness had settled over the garden of Paris. Each flower seemed to know that the gay horseback riders who were accustomed to gallop along the shady bridal paths, perfectly groomed and conscious of their social superiority, were now riding side by side with their butlers and valets, covered with the dust of equality and shorn of every outward mark of distinction. A gentle breeze swept through the trees, and the lilacs and roses bowed their heads as if in prayer for thsoe who had gone to meet the enemy.

Everywhere we went we met other Americans who, like ourselves, had come to realize that spending a vacation in Europe was not such a wonderful thing after all. It was like a little boy who had excited the envy of his less fortunate playmates by exhibiting a large juicy apple and then finding a worm in the apple.

Actors, of whom I had never heard a word in America, were floating around bewailing the fact that Klaw & Erlanger would never forgive them for not showing up in New York in time to fulfill their $25,000 contracts. Lawyers, whose landlords had been after them for years with corkscrews and all manner of hardware, trying to extract the rent, were sitting in hotel easy-


I'M THE GUY
I SING OF THE SMOKE OF THE BATTLE, MY COUNTRY IS THERE WITH THE PUNCH -
WE'LL CAPTURE THEM YET, THOUGH I SORELY REGRET, THAT WE DO NOT STOP FIGHTING FOR LUNCH
LITTLE DEFENDER, WHO ARE YOU?
I'M THE GUY THAT PUT THE BARD IN BOMBARDMENT

THE CLOSER YOU ARE TO THE FRONT THE LESS NEWS YOU RECEIVE


THERE'S A BULLETIN BOARD FULL OF NEWS STRAIGHT FROM THE FRONT
LA PATRIE
I FORGOT WHAT A TERRIBLE SIMP I WAS - I CAN'T READ A WORD OF FRENCH
LA PATRIE
THEY PROBABLY JUST RECEIVED NEWS OF THE DECISIVE BATTLE OF THE WAR
LA PATRIE
THERE'S OLD JOE TRIPOD OF LONG NECK, KANSAS - HE READS FRENCH
LA PATRIE
QUICK, JOE - TELL ME WHAT THAT WAR BULLETIN SAYS
LA PATRIE
IT PREDICTS THAT TOMORROW WILL BE CLOUDY WITH LIGHT NORTHWESTERLY WINDS AND OCCASIONAL SHOWERS
LA PAT

I'M CURED
HERE I AM ONLY A MILE FROM THE BATTLEFIELD WITH A CHANCE TO MAKE A REPUTATION AS A GREAT WAR CORRESPONDENT
ANY NEWS FROM THE FRONT?
I'M WITH THE HOSPITAL CORPS AND I'VE BEEN BUSY ALL DAY BURYING WAR CORRESPONDENTS
I'M CURED!

chairs worrying what the great American railroads would do without their legal assistance. Women, whose chief worry had always been the lack of pins to hold their North Dakota gowns together, were growing hysterical over the fact that they would have to leave their Paquin and Worth gowns and Cartier pearls behind them.

As the seriousness of the situation grew, the need of our presence in America seemed to swell. I soon got the fever. I wondered what President Wilson would ever do without me. Poor Woodrow! And I had given him my faithful promise that I would not leave him in the lurch on the Panama canal question.

All my thoughts seemed to run to steamship offices and banks. Every hour of my day was divided into four parts. I would cheer the soldiers for fifteen minutes, visit a steamship office for fifteen minutes, visit a bank for fifteen minutes, and take the last fifteen minutes to find out I had accomplished nothing.

Then I would start cheering again.

## The Best Way to Cross the Ocean Is in the Direction of The Statue of Liberty

I had this habit. Every time I passed a bank I walked in, showed the gentleman behind the screen my letter of credit and walked out. I didn't give him the chance to tell me he was broke. I beat him to it.

I employed the same tactics with steamship offices. A picture of an ocean liner painted on a plate-glass window was my cue to walk inside and tell the clerk nearest the door that I knew he could not give me any hope, but consoled myself by going through the motions.

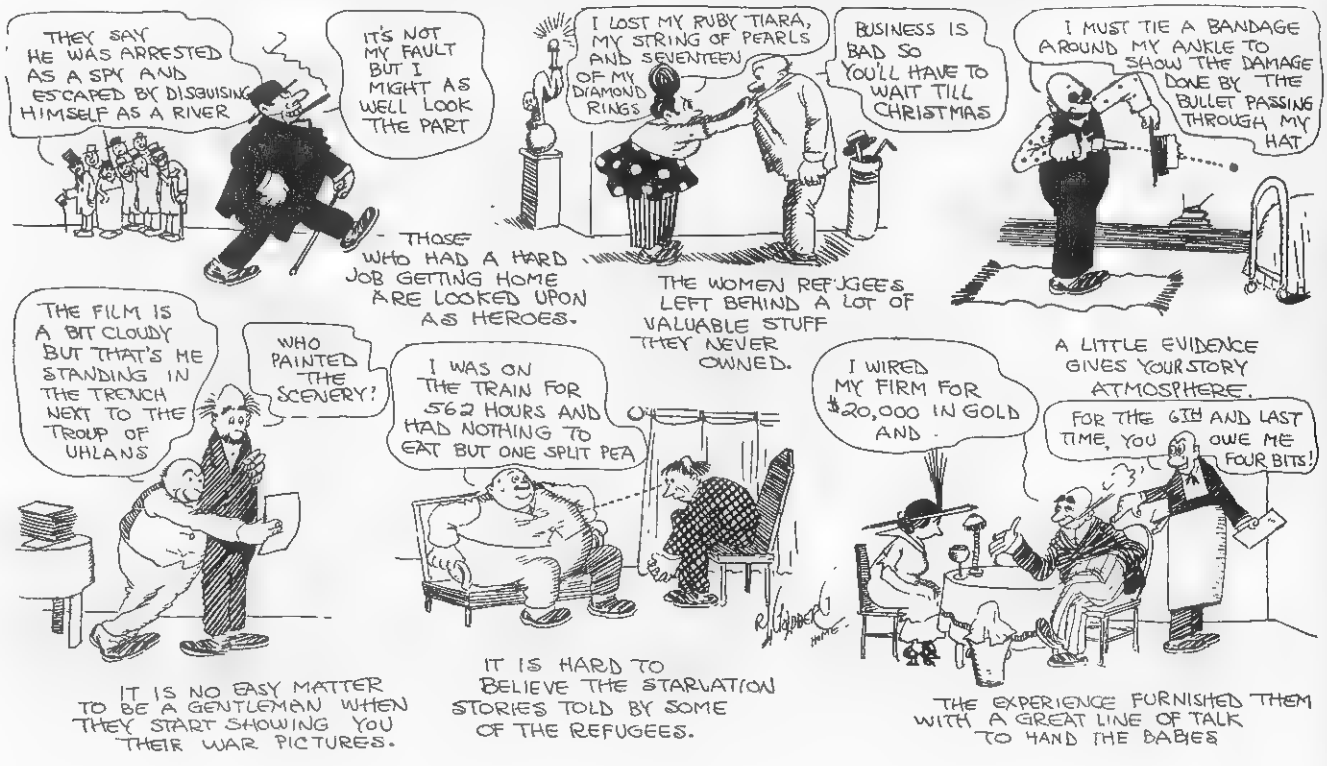
Out of the chaos of wild rumors, threats and groans came a gurgle saying that the steamship *France* would sail for America from Havre to-morrow!

I had to get on that boat. So did one hundred thousand other Americans. It was the last chance to leave the war zone.

I rushed to the offices of the Companie Generale Transatlantique. So did the hundred thousand other Americans who wanted to get the first boat out. They all stood on my feet.

I closed my eyes and allowed myself to be pushed whither

**YOU'D THINK THE AMERICAN REFUGEES HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH STARTING THE WAR**


THEY SAY HE WAS ARRESTED AS A SPY AND ESCAPED BY DISGUISING HIMSELF AS A RIVER
IT'S NOT MY FAULT BUT I MIGHT AS WELL LOOK THE PART
THOSE WHO HAD A HARD JOB GETTING HOME ARE LOOKED UPON AS HEROES.
I LOST MY RUBY TIARA, MY STRING OF PEARLS AND SEVENTEEN OF MY DIAMOND RINGS
BUSINESS IS BAD SO YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL CHRISTMAS
THE WOMEN REFUGEES LEFT BEHIND A LOT OF VALUABLE STUFF THEY NEVER OWNED.
I MUST TIE A BANDAGE AROUND MY ANKLE TO SHOW THE DAMAGE DONE BY THE BULLET PASSING THROUGH MY HAT
THE FILM IS A BIT CLOUDY BUT THAT'S ME STANDING IN THE TRENCH NEXT TO THE TROUP OF UHLANS
WHO PAINTED THE SCENERY?
IT IS NO EASY MATTER TO BE A GENTLEMAN WHEN THEY START SHOWING YOU THEIR WAR PICTURES.
I WAS ON THE TRAIN FOR 562 HOURS AND HAD NOTHING TO EAT BUT ONE SPLIT PEA
IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE THE STARVATION STORIES TOLD BY SOME OF THE REFUGEES.
I WIRED MY FIRM FOR $20,000 IN GOLD AND
A LITTLE EVIDENCE GIVES YOUR STORY ATMOSPHERE.
FOR THE 6TH AND LAST TIME, YOU OWE ME FOUR BITS!
THE EXPERIENCE FURNISHED THEM WITH A GREAT LINE OF TALK TO HAND THE BABIES

the tide of human breakers might take me. When I opened them I was standing—at an angle 45 degrees to the floor—but standing nevertheless—face to face with Generale Transatlantic himself. He was weak from saying "No." The enemy had him staggering. I knew by his expression that everything on the boat was booked up tighter than Harry Lauder.

"A friend of mine," I said, "has a room engaged, and says he is willing to share it with me."

He asked me the number of the room. I promptly answered, "C-140." I could have said "A-46," but "C-140" was the first thing that came to my mind. It was the number of the inside of my French straw hat. I don't know whether it was the size, price or grade. So, naturally, it had me worried, and I had it on my mind at the time. The General sank beneath the line of the counter and soon came to the surface with a first-class passage in his hand. A friend came to the rescue with the price, and when I found myself out in the street with the steamship ticket in my pocket I was a firm believer in miracles. The next thing was to reach Havre. People were standing in line eight and ten hours waiting to buy railroad tickets for one of the few trains that would connect with the boat. They were paying $50 for tickets worth $6. Everything was taken. No chance! No chance!

I woke up the next morning with a start. My boat was sailing that night. I must reach it. I grabbed a toothbrush and one extra sock and rushed blindly for the Gare du Nord. The depot was surrounded by a phalanx of gendarmes and a squadron of railroad guards. I saw nothihg distinctly. I was dazed out of desperation. I knew that when the train for Havre pulled out, I must be on it. I dimly saw my friends, the Blonde, the Brunette and the Redhead, jump out of from the crowd and follow me. They were all there and all desperate. We instintively formed a flying wedge, and everything seemed to give way before us. By the time the gendarmes and railroad guards saw us coming we were already going.

We dashed into the first compartment we saw, locked it tightly and held our breath until we felt the train moving.

"What happened?" I asked my friends. "I have no railroad ticket."

"Neither have we," they replied. And then we all fell back in a faint.

The trip usually takes six hours. It took us eleven. We passed through the most beautiful country I have ever seen. Every inch of the soil was richly covered with fruits and vegetables. But nobody was at work in the fields. All those sturdy farmers were standing along the railroad tracks in their coarse blue coats tightly cluthing their guns and waiting for the word from their commander to move. Their wives and daughters were leaning far out the windows waving handkerchiefs and flags to the men on the train who were going to join the colors. Train sheds and stables were turned into eating places and dormitories for the farmer-soldiers.

We had eaten nothing all day. A soldier graciously handed us a loaf of bread from his knapsack. It was sour and hard, but we ate it. It gave us a vague idea of what those good men had before them. Nothing is said about their food when the reports of the dead and wounded are sent in.

There was one other person in our compartment. He was not robust, but his face had the look that I had learned to recognize and revere. He opened his coat and exposed the canvas belt that is worn by all the French soldiers when they leave home for the front. It holds the few trifles a soldier can take with him into battle without impeding his progress. From one of the pockets in the belt he took a piece of paper and kissed it. It was a picture of his wife and baby. He left us at Rouen, and we shook his hand. His grip was firm.

It was a relief to see that the boat was still there when we landed in Havre. We hurried aboard and waited for the starting whistle.

We waited ten days for that whistle.

Each day the captain said he thought we would sail tomorrow. Each day a different reason was given for the delay. The presence of German warships in the ocean, the scarcity of stokers on account of mobilization, the lack of word from the French government, a severe cold contracted by the chef and many other reasons were given as hope began to fade.

The *France* grew to be looked upon by us as a hotel. They said they would have to charge us board. We soon became hopelessly brave enough to go ashore and do the shopping we had neglected in beating a hasty retreat from Paris.

Women with only a few francs to spend for the necessaries of life came back to the boat with birdseed, dog collars, garden hose, sealing wax, stove polish and other things that were being sold at a sacrifice in the Havre department stores. They were women even in fleeing from the ravages of war.

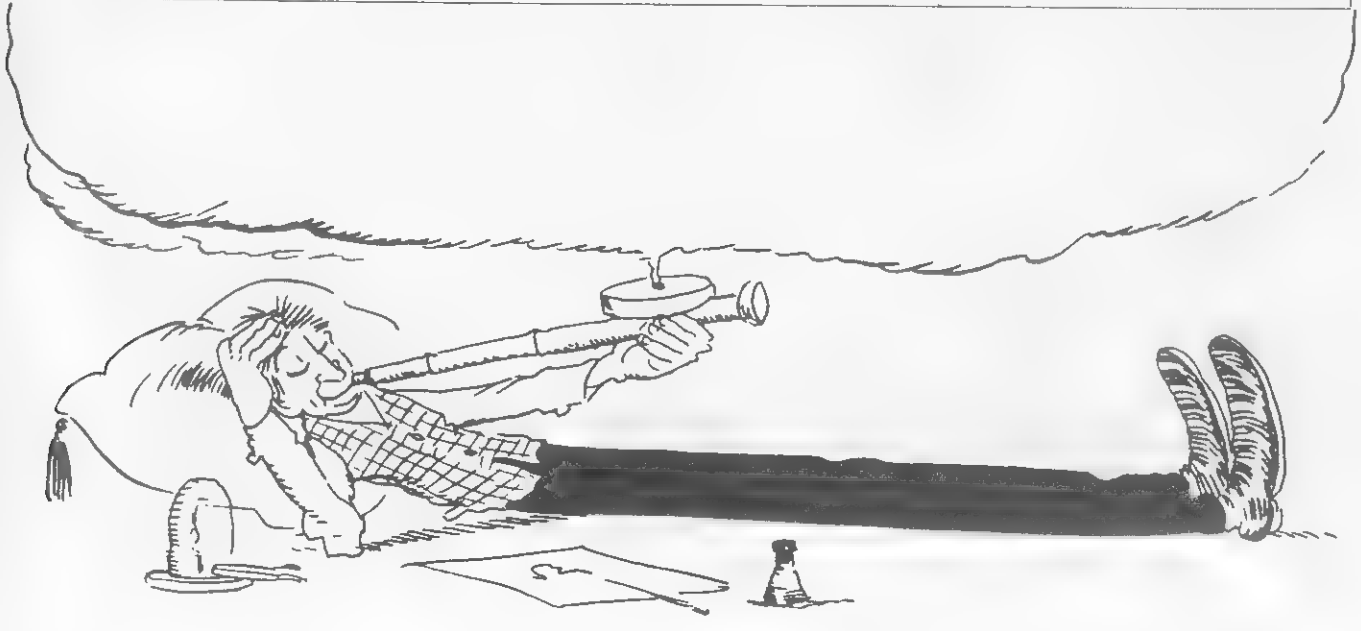
When time began to hang heavy on our hands we went ashore and got passports and permits and other papers, for which we had no use, from the heads of all departments, from the street cleaning bureau to the botanical commission. Everybody on board began to feel peevish at all the other passengers or guests or whatever we were at the time. We began to notice one another's failings. We even went so far as to accuse people of breathing too hard and wearing unbecoming clothes and walking too much on their heels.

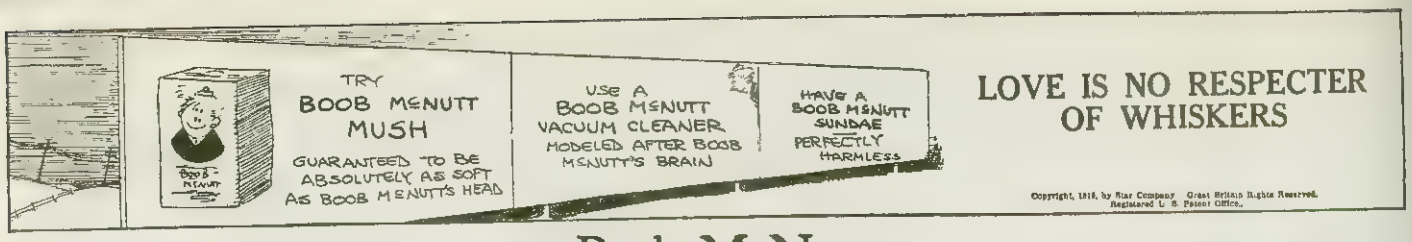
I went to the Southampton steamship office and reserved a stateroom for the following night. I had given up hope; I was going to England.

When I came back to the boat I found everybody turning handsprings on the upper deck and doing fliplaps over the funnels. An official notice had been posted saying the ship would positively sail at 1:30 p.m. Friday! The cook's cold was better! I fell on my back and yelled until the boat pulled out.

It was the only real happiness any of us had experienced since the war broke out, and we used every method of expressing our joy known to man.

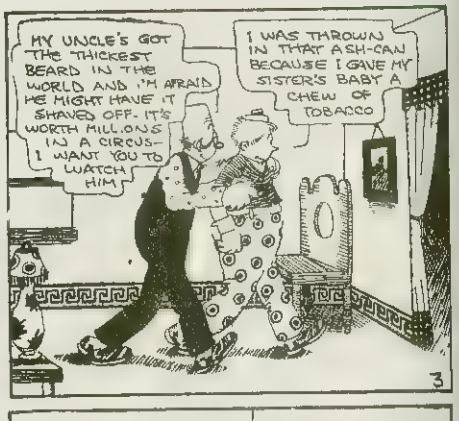
The trip across the ocean was a trip that will live in our lives till we are old and gray. The food was none too good and the accommodations were none too comfortable. But we were going home—and it meant more to us than it had ever meant before.



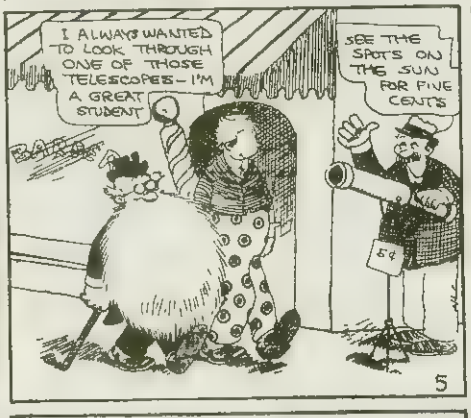



# Boob McNutt

THERE'S SOMETHING ALIVE IN THAT CAN
HOW'S BUSINESS, LEO?
THE ASH-CAN BUSINESS ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE- THEY'RE NOT PARTICULAR WHAT THEY THROW IN THE ASH CAN NOW
1


MY UNCLE'S GOT THE THICKEST BEARD IN THE WORLD AND I'M AFRAID HE MIGHT HAVE IT SHAVED OFF- IT'S WORTH MILLIONS IN A CIRCUS- I WANT YOU TO WATCH HIM
I WAS THROWN IN THAT ASH-CAN BECAUSE I GAVE MY SISTER'S BABY A CHEW OF TOBACCO
3

THIS IS MY UNCLE, JEREMIAH MATTRESS- I WANT YOU TO TAKE HIM DOWN-TOWN AND HAVE HIS WHISKERS INSURED
I'LL BE ABLE TO USE HIM WHEN I WANT TO TAKE THE CHILDREN OUT FOR A HAY RIDE
GOOD MORNING
4



HOW MANY SPOTS CAN I SEE ON THE SUN FOR A NICKEL?
IT ALL DEPENDS HOW CLEAN THE TELESCOPE IS
WELL, WELL! HERE COMES MALARIA SIMPSON, MY BOYHOOD SWEETHEART

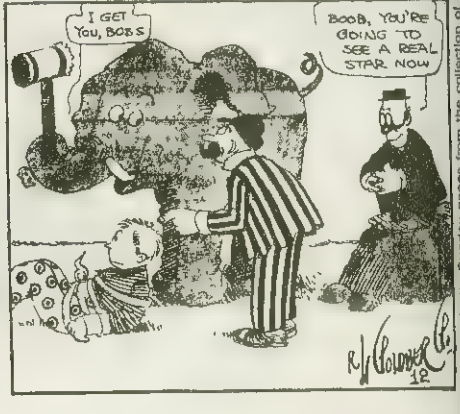
THE SUN IS FULL OF SPOTS ALL RIGHT. THEY OUGHT TO SEND IT TO THE CLEANER'S
I'VE BEEN CARRYING YOUR PICTURE AROUND FOR 32 YEARS- I HARDLY KNEW YOU WITH THAT BEARD
I'LL SHOW YOU, I'M JUST AS HANDSOME AS EVER- I'LL HAVE IT SHAVED OFF
7

IT'S LUCKY THE GARDENER LEFT HIS LAWN-MOWER HERE IN MY BARBER-SHOP
BE CAREFUL, BARBER- DON'T LOSE ANY OF THE HAIR BECAUSE I WANT TO USE IT TO STUFF A SOFA CUSHION
8

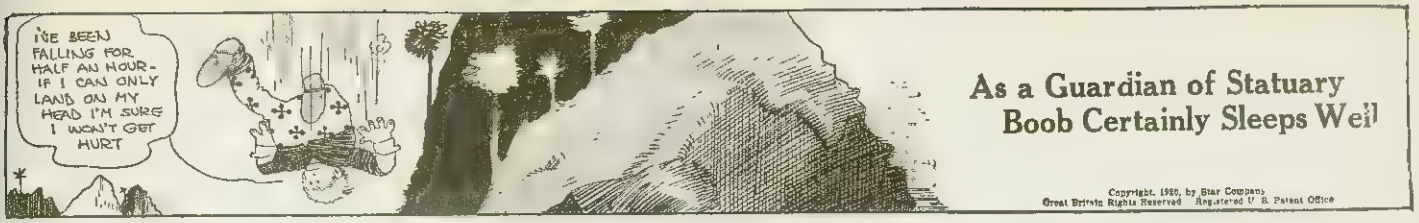
I DIDN'T KNOW THEY HAD ANIMALS LIVING ON THE SUN
NOW WITH YOUR WHISKERS OFF YOU LOOK JUST LIKE YOUR OLD SELF, DARLING
LET'S GET MARRIED, MALARIA- I FEEL 30 YEARS YOUNGER
9

I'LL GIVE YOU $37,000 A WEEK TO PUT YOUR UNCLE AMONG THE FREAKS- BUT WE'LL HAVE TO EXHIBIT HIM RIGHT AWAY
HE'S WORTH MORE THAN THAT, BUT I'LL TAKE IT- COME WITH ME AND I'LL TURN HIM OVER TO YOU
JOHN T. SANDUST CIRCUS OWNER
10

HELLO, NEPHEW, I'M GOING TO GET MARRIED AND MALARIA IS GOING TO MAKE A LOVELY CUSHION OUT OF MY OLD WHISKERS- DON'T I LOOK YOUNG WITH 'EM OFF?
WHERE'S THE WHISKERS?
NOW I'D LIKE TO SEE A STAR
11




'Boob McNutt' Sunday pages from the collection of Richard Marschall


I'VE BEEN FALLING FOR HALF AN HOUR - IF I CAN ONLY LAND ON MY HEAD I'M SURE I WON'T GET HURT
As a Guardian of Statuary Boob Certainly Sleeps Well
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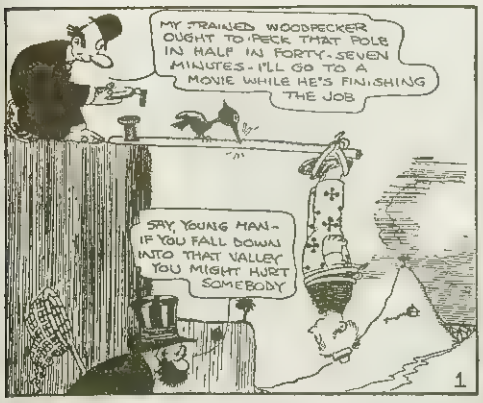
# Boob McNutt


MY TRAINED WOODPECKER OUGHT TO PECK THAT POLE IN HALF IN FORTY-SEVEN MINUTES - I'LL GO TO A MOVIE WHILE HE'S FINISHING THE JOB
SAY, YOUNG MAN - IF YOU FALL DOWN INTO THAT VALLEY YOU MIGHT HURT SOMEBODY
1

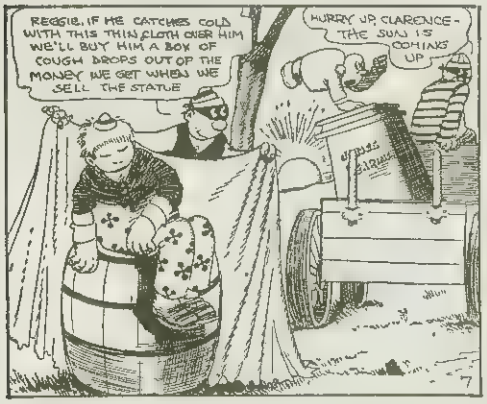
I HAVEN'T CAUGHT ANY BUTTERFLIES TODAY - SO I MIGHT AS WELL CATCH SOMETHING - I CAN'T BE TOO PARTICULAR
THE MAN TIED ME ON THE END OF THIS POLE BECAUSE I USED HIS SAFETY RAZOR TO OPEN A CAN OF TOMATOES
2

LISTEN - I'M THE MAYOR OF THIS TOWN AND TOMORROW MORNING I'M GOING TO UNVEIL A NEW MARBLE STATUE OF JAMES HERRING, WHO GAVE THE CITY A MUSEUM FOR DRIED FISH - I WANT YOU TO GUARD THE STATUE TONIGHT IT IS WORTH $300,000
THAT'S FINE SIR - I LOVE STATUARY. I ONCE POSED FOR A STATUE - OF A POACHED EGG
3

BOOB, YOU STAY HERE ALL NIGHT AND I'LL BE BACK AT EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING TO UNVEIL THE STATUE - LOOK OUT FOR ROBBERS
IS THAT A STATUE OF MISTER HERRING OR ONE OF THE DRIED FISH?
JAMES HERRING
4

I LIKE COMPANY EVEN IF IT'S ONLY A MARBLE STATUE
REGGIE, I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE TO USE THE WEAPONS - HE LOOKS HARMLESS - WE'LL JUST CHLOROFORM HIM
YOU'RE RIGHT, CLARENCE
5

GO TO SLEEP, MY BABY MY BA-BY MY BA BY
CLARENCE, I THINK WE OUGHT TO TAKE THIS COVER OFF THE STATUE AND THROW IT OVER THE YOUNG MAN - HE'LL CATCH COLD
6

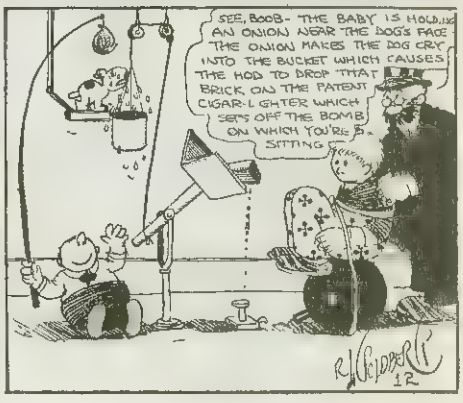

REGGIE, IF HE CATCHES COLD WITH THIS THIN CLOTH OVER HIM WE'LL BUY HIM A BOX OF COUGH DROPS OUT OF THE MONEY WE GET WHEN WE SELL THE STATUE
HURRY UP, CLARENCE - THE SUN IS COMING UP
7

I GUESS BOOB HAS LEFT AND WILL SEND ME HIS BILL - WELL, ANYWAY THE STATUE IS SAFE - THE CROWD WILL BE HERE IN FIVE MINUTES - AND I'LL PERFORM THE UNVEILING CEREMONY
8

FELLOW CITIZENS :- THE CITY HAS GONE TO GREAT EXPENSE IN ERECTING THIS BEAUTIFUL MONUMENT IN HONOR OF JAMES HERRING, THE DRIED FISH KING
9

AND NOW, MY FRIENDS, LET US GAZE AT THE MOST ARTISTIC PIECE OF MARBLE THAT HAS EVER STOOD IN OUR BEAUTIFUL CITY
WONDERFUL - I CONTRIBUTED $2 TOWARDS THE STATUE
10

I GUESS I OVERSLEPT!
11


SEE, BOOB - THE BABY IS HOLDING AN ONION NEAR THE DOG'S FACE THE ONION MAKES THE DOG CRY INTO THE BUCKET WHICH CAUSES THE HOD TO DROP THAT BRICK ON THE PATENT CIGAR-LIGHTER WHICH SETS OFF THE BOMB ON WHICH YOU'RE SITTING
12

# Boob McNutt

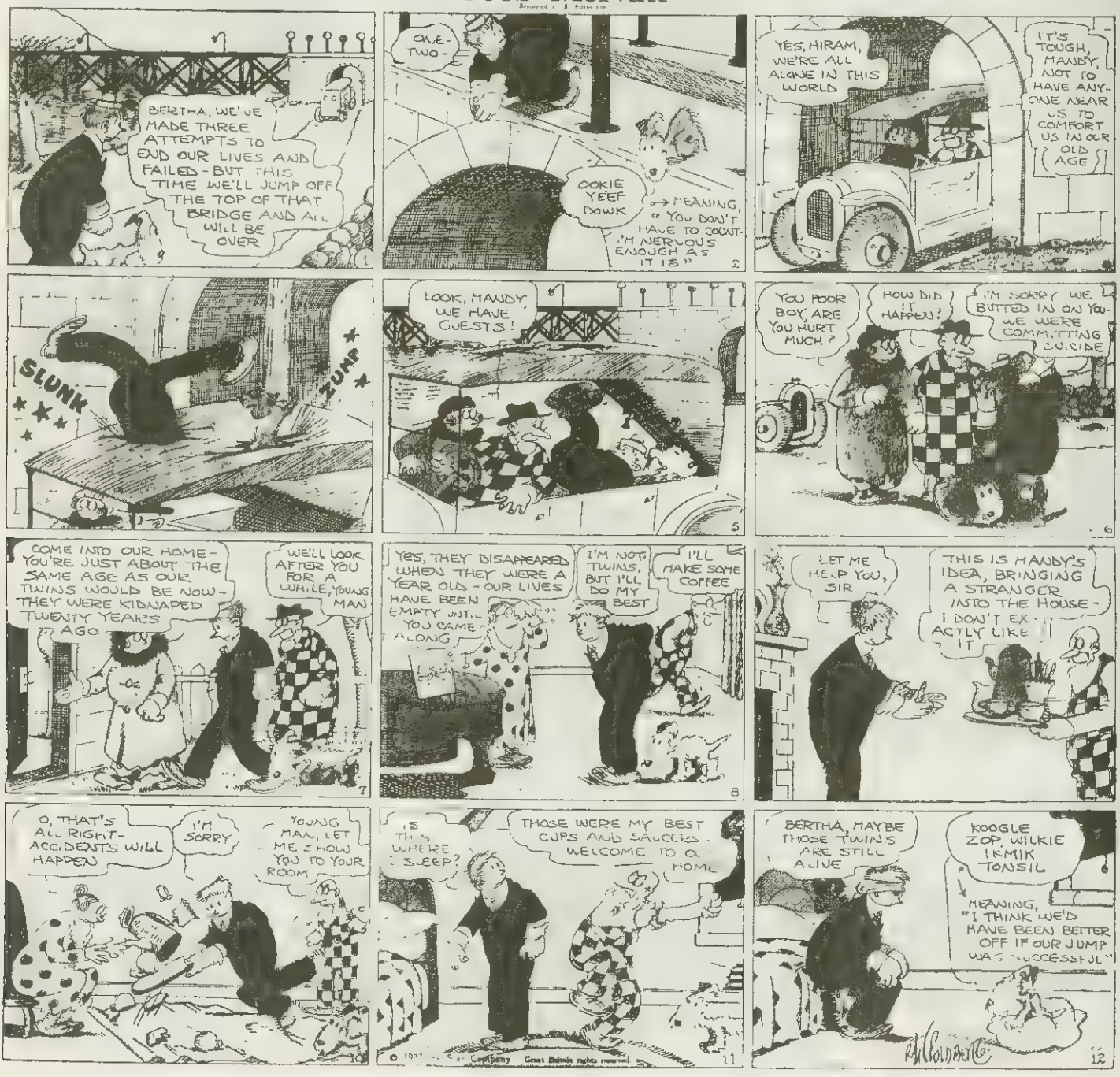
AT LAST I'VE DISCOVERED THE ELIXIR OF LIFE, THE FLUID THAT WILL MAKE YOU LIVE FOREVER! I'LL SELL IT TO THE OLD KING FOR $500,000
1
AH, THERE'S A MAN WHO CAN HELP ME TAKE CARE OF THIS VALUABLE BOTTLE WHILE I SELL IT TO THE KING
I MIGHT AS WELL STAY IN THE ASH-CAN BECAUSE I'LL LAND BACK HERE, ANYWAY
2
YOUNG MAN, THIS BOTTLE IS WORTH $500,000 - AFTER EXPERIMENTING FOR 56 YEARS I'VE DISCOVERED THIS ELIXIR OF LIFE - I WANT YOU TO WATCH IT WHILE I SELL IT TO THE KING
MY NAME IS BOOB MCNUTT - A MAN PUT ME IN THIS ASH-CAN BECAUSE I GAVE HIS DOG A DRINK OUT OF MY FOUNTAIN PEN
3
BOOB, I'M GOING DOWN STAIRS TO TELL THE KING ABOUT MY WONDERFUL DISCOVERY - WHEN I YELL "WHAT NO, THE ELIXIR!" YOU BRING IN THE BOTTLE
I KNEW DRINKS WERE EXPENSIVE BUT I DIDN'T THINK THEY COST $500,000 APIECE
4
O, SWEET AND GRACIOUS KING! I HAVE A BOTTLE OF DOPE THAT WILL MAKE YOU LIVE FOREVER - BECAUSE YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE, I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT FOR $500,000
THAT'S GREAT! I'LL TAKE A DOZEN BOTTLES AT THAT PRICE - I WANT TO BE HERE 2000 YEARS FROM NOW TO SEE IF THE PRICE OF EGGS GOES DOWN
5
WHAT NO, THE ELIXIR!
ALL RIGHT, BOSS - I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN - I WONDER IF THE KING WILL LET ME DRINK TEN CENTS' WORTH
6
GEE, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER HAD A PRINCESS FLIRT WITH ME - MAYBE SHE CAN USE HER INFLUENCE WITH THE KING AND GET ME A JOB AS OFFICIAL WINE-TASTER IN THE ROYAL BOTTLING WORKS
7
8
HOORAY! LUCK IS WITH ME - THE BOTTLE WASN'T TOUCHED!
9
I WONDER HOW YOU MAKE A DATE WITH A REAL PRINCESS - DO YOU CALL 'EM ON THE PHONE LIKE ANY OTHER GIRL OR DO YOU HAVE TO SEND THE PRIME MINISTER A BOX OF CIGARS?
DON'T WORRY, KING - BOOB WILL BE HERE WITH THE ELIXIR IN A MINUTE!
10
CRASH!
GREAT TOOTHPICKS! $500,000 AND 56 YEARS OF MY LIFE ALL GONE TO SMASH!
11
I HOPE BLACK BILL, THE COURT MURDERER, IS IN
LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER — MEN KILLED WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
BILL
12

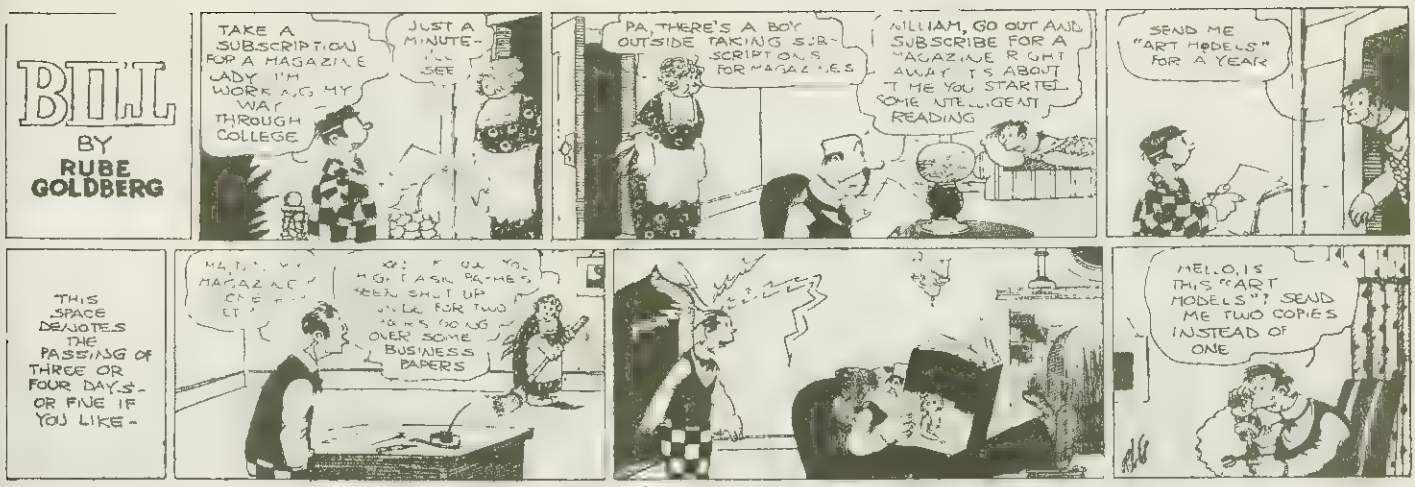
# Boob McNutt

WHY ARE YOU PUNISHING HIM, MISTER?
I'M GOING TO HIT HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL 1000 TIMES BECAUSE HE THREW ONE OF MY $10,000 CUT-GLASS VASES AT A STRAY DOG
I'LL GIVE YOU $500 TO LET HIM GO - I THINK I CAN USE HIM
I'LL TAKE IT - I CAN'T HURT HIM MUCH, ANYWAY HIS HEAD IS HARDER THAN THE WALL
2
LISTEN, YOUNG MAN - I'M LOADING MY SHIP WITH 900 CASES OF ANVILS - I WANT YOU TO COUNT THE CASES AS THEY GO ABOARD - IF ONE CASE OVER 900 IS PUT ON THE SHIP IT WILL SINK
CAPTAIN, MY NAME IS BOOB MCNUTT - I'M VERY GOOD AT COUNTING - I ONCE COUNTED THE NUMBER OF HAIRS ON THE PARLOR RUG
3
NUMBER ONE - THIS IS FINE - I LIKE A JOB THAT TAKES SOME INTELLIGENCE
4
NUMBER 384 - I WONDER WHAT THOSE TWO GENTLEMEN ARE DOING FISHING OVER THERE WITH THEIR HIGH HATS ON
5
PARDON ME FOR BEING INQUISITIVE - BUT YOU TWO DON'T LOOK LIKE REGULAR FISHERMEN
I'M PROFESSOR MACKEREL AND THIS IS MY FRIEND, PROFESSOR SHAD - WE'RE FISHING FOR A RARE SPECIMEN OF FISH CALLED THE BIMBIM
AH! AT LAST WE'VE CAUGHT A BIMBIM!
YOU'RE WRONG PROFESSOR IT'S A CORKSCREW-TAILED SNAZZUM
IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE THE CROWN
DON'T CONTRADICT ME - I'M SURE IT'S A BIMBIM!
BUT I KNOW IT'S A SNAZZUM!
DON'T LET A FISH SPOIL YOUR FRIENDSHIP
8
GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN! HIGH HATS ARE TOO EXPENSIVE FOR THIS SORT OF THING
9
WELL, BOOB, DID YOU STOP LOADING THE SHIP WHEN YOU HAD EXACTLY 900 CASES ON BOARD?
ONE SAYS IT'S A BIMBIM AND THE OTHER SAYS IT'S A SNAZZUM
10
SHE'S SUNK!
WELL, WELL - I WONDER HOW THAT HAPPENED
11
I WAS NEVER VERY MUCH INTERESTED IN FISH - BUT I REALLY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHETHER IT WAS A BIMBIM OR A SNAZZUM
AH, THIS IS FINE! THE WEATHER REPORT SAYS "HEAVY WINDS THIS AFTERNOON"
R. W. Carver
12

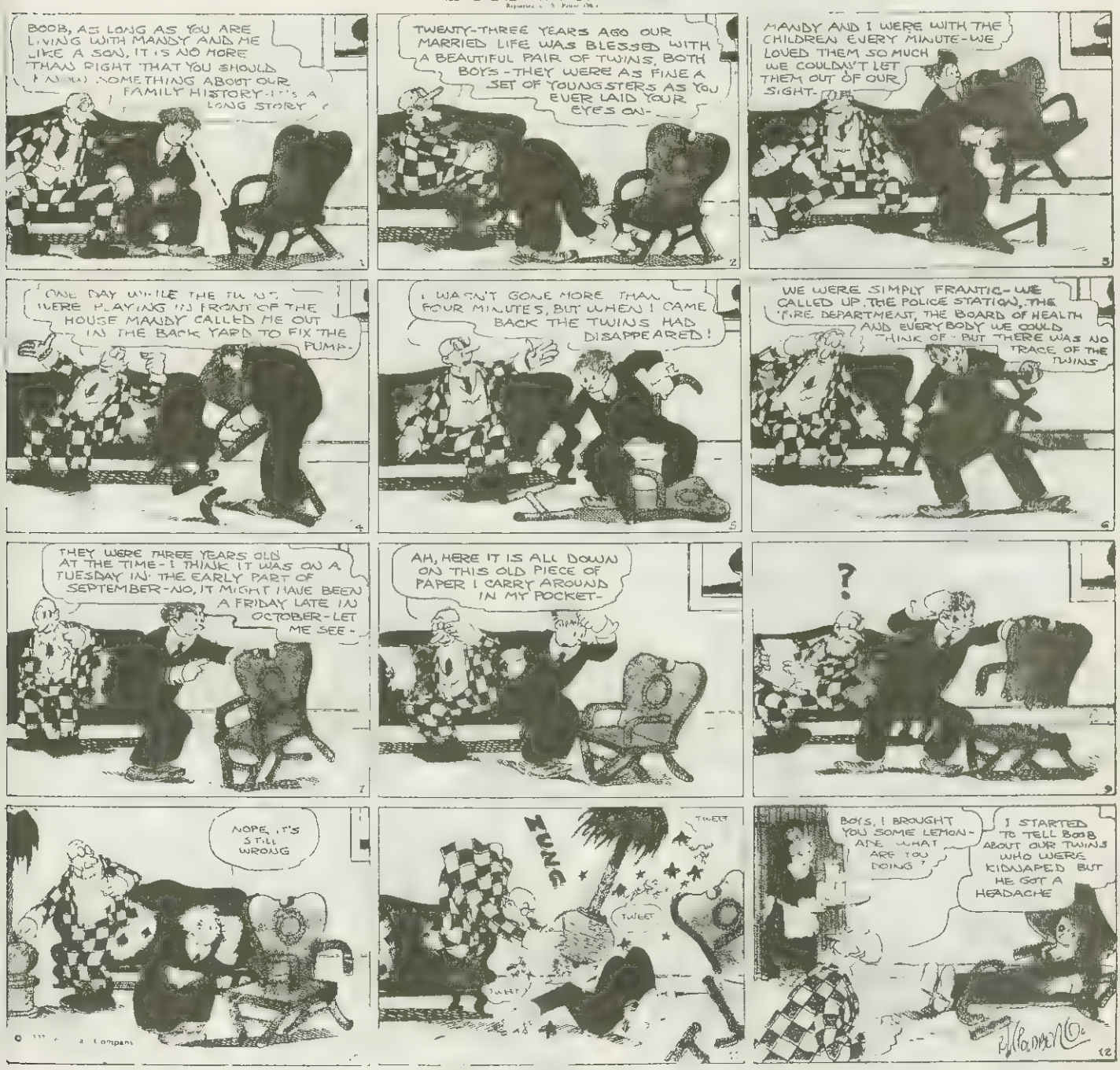
BILL
BY
RUBE GOLDBERG
WHEN I WAS COURTING I USED TO GO TO THE GIRL'S HOUSE OR ELSE I'D BRING HER HOME TO MEET MY FOLKS - YOUR GIRL FRIENDS MIGHT BE CHINESE FOR ALL I KNOW
BUT THINGS ARE DIFFERENT TODAY, DAD
ALL RIGHT, CUTIE - IN THE USUAL PLACE - NEAR THE FOUNTAIN UNDER THE SAME TREE IN THE PARK
GOOD NIGHT, FO KS' DON'T LOSE UP I FOR ME
HE'S A GOOD BOY AT HEART
I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THIS GIRL WHO SEEMS SO MUCH MORE IMPORTANT TO WILLIAM THAN HIS OWN FATHER AND MOTHER
MOTHER, I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY EYES - I MUST HAVE THEM EXAMINED

# Boob McNutt


BERTHA, WE'VE MADE THREE ATTEMPTS TO END OUR LIVES AND FAILED - BUT THIS TIME WE'LL JUMP OFF THE TOP OF THAT BRIDGE AND ALL WILL BE OVER
1
OKE-TWO-
OOKIE YEEF DOWK
→ MEANING, "YOU DON'T HAVE TO COUNT - I'M NERVOUS ENOUGH AS IT IS"
2
YES, HIRAM, WE'RE ALL ALONE IN THIS WORLD
IT'S TOUGH, MAUDY, NOT TO HAVE ANY-ONE NEAR US TO COMFORT US IN OUR OLD AGE
SLUNK
ZUMP
LOOK, MAUDY WE HAVE GUESTS!
5
YOU POOR BOY, ARE YOU HURT MUCH?
HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
I'M SORRY WE BUTTED IN ON YOU - WE WERE COMMITTING SUICIDE
6
COME INTO OUR HOME - YOU'RE JUST ABOUT THE SAME AGE AS OUR TWINS WOULD BE NOW - THEY WERE KIDNAPED TWENTY YEARS AGO
WE'LL LOOK AFTER YOU FOR A WHILE, YOUNG MAN
7
YES, THEY DISAPPEARED WHEN THEY WERE A YEAR OLD - OUR LIVES HAVE BEEN EMPTY UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG
I'M NOT TWINS, BUT I'LL DO MY BEST
I'LL MAKE SOME COFFEE
8
LET ME HELP YOU, SIR
THIS IS MAUDY'S IDEA, BRINGING A STRANGER INTO THE HOUSE - I DON'T EXACTLY LIKE IT
O, THAT'S ALL RIGHT - ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN
I'M SORRY
YOUNG MAN, LET ME SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM
10
IS THIS WHERE I SLEEP?
THOSE WERE MY BEST CUPS AND SAUCERS - WELCOME TO OUR HOME
11
BERTHA, MAYBE THOSE TWINS ARE STILL ALIVE
KOOGLE ZOP, WILKIE IKMIK TONSIL
MEANING, "I THINK WE'D HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF IF OUR JUMP WAS SUCCESSFUL"
12


BOIL
BY
RUBE GOLDBERG
TAKE A SUBSCRIPTION FOR A MAGAZINE LADY I'M WORKING MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE
JUST A MINUTE- I'LL SEE
PA, THERE'S A BOY OUTSIDE TAKING SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR MAGAZINES
WILLIAM, GO OUT AND SUBSCRIBE FOR A MAGAZINE RIGHT AWAY. IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU STARTED SOME INTELLIGENT READING
SEND ME "ART MODELS" FOR A YEAR
THIS SPACE DENOTES THE PASSING OF THREE OR FOUR DAYS- OR FIVE IF YOU LIKE-
MAYBE WE MAGAZINE OFFER IT
OH, IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SHUT UP IN JAIL FOR TWO YEARS GOING OVER SOME BUSINESS PAPERS
HELLO, IS THIS "ART MODELS"? SEND ME TWO COPIES INSTEAD OF ONE

# Boob McNutt


BOOB, AS LONG AS YOU ARE LIVING WITH MANDY AND ME LIKE A SON, IT'S NO MORE THAN RIGHT THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT OUR FAMILY HISTORY- IT'S A LONG STORY
TWENTY-THREE YEARS AGO OUR MARRIED LIFE WAS BLESSED WITH A BEAUTIFUL PAIR OF TWINS, BOTH BOYS- THEY WERE AS FINE A SET OF YOUNGSTERS AS YOU EVER LAID YOUR EYES ON-
MANDY AND I WERE WITH THE CHILDREN EVERY MINUTE- WE LOVED THEM SO MUCH WE COULDN'T LET THEM OUT OF OUR SIGHT-
ONE DAY WHILE THE TWINS WERE PLAYING IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE MANDY CALLED ME OUT IN THE BACK YARD TO FIX THE PUMP-
I WASN'T GONE MORE THAN FOUR MINUTES, BUT WHEN I CAME BACK THE TWINS HAD DISAPPEARED!
WE WERE SIMPLY FRANTIC- WE CALLED UP THE POLICE STATION, THE FIRE DEPARTMENT, THE BOARD OF HEALTH AND EVERYBODY WE COULD THINK OF- BUT THERE WAS NO TRACE OF THE TWINS
THEY WERE THREE YEARS OLD AT THE TIME- I THINK IT WAS ON A TUESDAY IN THE EARLY PART OF SEPTEMBER- NO, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A FRIDAY LATE IN OCTOBER- LET ME SEE-
AH, HERE IT IS ALL DOWN ON THIS OLD PIECE OF PAPER I CARRY AROUND IN MY POCKET-
?
NOPE, IT'S STILL WRONG
ZUNG
TWEET
TWEET
TWIT
BOYS, I BROUGHT YOU SOME LEMONADE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I STARTED TO TELL BOOB ABOUT OUR TWINS WHO WERE KIDNAPED BUT HE GOT A HEADACHE

BILL
BY
RUBE GOLDBERG
BETTY, YOU'RE ONE OF THE FEW PEOPLE I CAN CONFIDE IN - MY FATHER DOESN'T SEEM TO REALIZE I'M NOT A BABY ANY MORE.
YES, BILL
DAD SEEMS TO THINK I'VE GOT TO ACCOUNT TO HIM FOR EVERY-THING I DO - I'M OLD ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF
GLIDE INN
I'M AT AN AGE NOW WHERE I'VE GOT TO SHOW MY INDEPENDENCE - I'M A MAN, I AM, AND I WANT THE WHOLE WORLD TO KNOW IT
YES, BETTY, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS ME - MY FATHER DOESN'T NEED ME AND I DON'T NEED HIM
...AND SOME ALLIGATOR PEAR SALAD, BISCUIT TORTONI AND A DEMI TASSE
THE CHECK, SIR
HELLO, DAD - THIS IS YOUR LITTLE BOY, WILLIE - COULD YOU COME OVER TO THE "GLIDE INN" FOR A MINUTE - I WANT TO SEE YOU - AND BRING YOUR CHECK-BOOK WITH YOU

# Boob McNutt

BERTHA, IT'S WONDERFUL FOR US TO FIND A HOME WITH SUCH A FINE OLD COUPLE AS HIRAM AND MANDY - WE MUST MAKE OURSELVES WORTHY OF THEIR KINDNESS
ZOOF PING OPPIE YAM
MEANING, "YES, BOOB - IT LOOKS AS THOUGH SANTA CLAUS IS WORKING OVERTIME"
HERE THEY COME NOW - THE POOR THINGS ARE STILL GRIEVING OVER THE TWINS THAT WERE KIDNAPED TWENTY YEARS AGO
2
LISTEN, BOOB - MANDY AND I HAVE DECIDED TO ADOPT YOU - WE HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY AND WE WANT A SON TO LEAVE IT TO - YOU'RE ABOUT THE SAME AGE AS OUR TWINS WOULD BE TODAY
I'LL TRY TO BE A GOOD SON
GULP!
THIS MORNING WHEN DOES THIS INCLUDE ME?
FOLKS, I'LL GET A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE TO PERFORM THE ADOPTION CEREMONY
MANDY, HE'S STARTING OUT LIKE A DUTIFUL SON
YES, HE'S A FINE BOY
GEE, PROFESSOR, THE HOLDUP BUSINESS IS SLOW AROUND THIS BURG
YES, SPUD, THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY-THING WORTH WHILE STEALING
5
GENTLEMEN, I'M NOT FAMILIAR WITH THIS NEIGHBORHOOD - I'M LOOKING FOR A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE TO ADOPT ME TO A RICH OLD COUPLE
HOW LUCKY! MY FRIEND HERE IS A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
6
FOLKS, HERE'S A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE WITH HIS SECRETARY
HE'S A FUNNY-LOOKING JUSTICE BUT I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT
7
I HEREBY MAKE YOU PARENTS AND SON
8
THE PROFESSOR LEAVES ALL THE HEAVY WORK FOR ME - I WISH HE'D HURRY UP AND HELP ME OUT WITH THIS SAFE
9
JUSTICE, HERE'S YOUR FEE
THANKS - MY SECRETARY IS WAITING FOR ME OUTSIDE
MOTHER, SON!
10
ALL'S WELL SOFT!
A CINCH!
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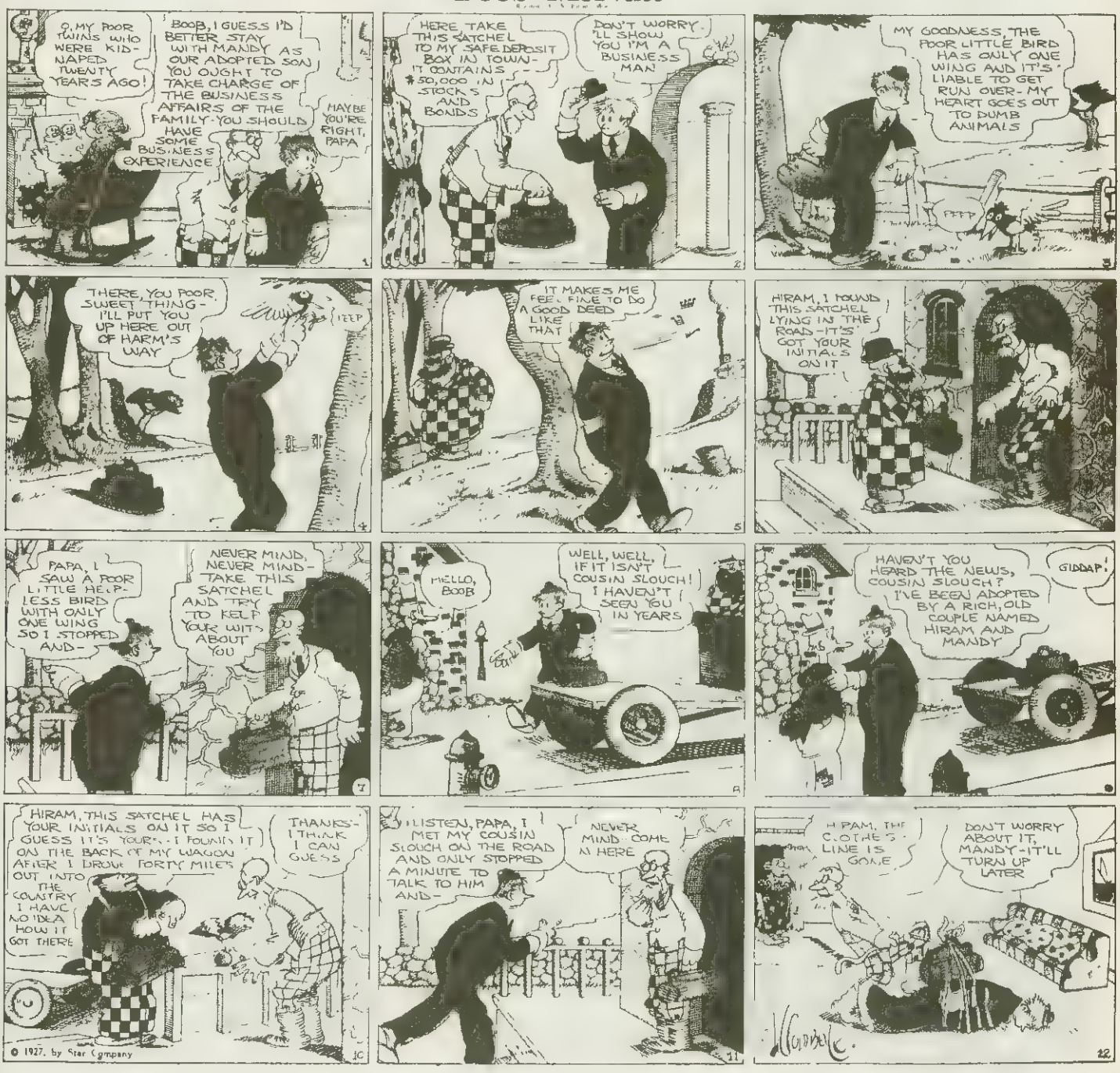
3-6
MOTHER, I'D LIKE TO SEE OUR SON FOR A MINUTE IN PRIVATE
CERTAINLY, HIRAM
OBLIK POW
MEANING, "THIS FAMILY LIFE ISN'T QUITE AS SWEET AS IT LOOKS"
12

BILL
BY
RUBE
GOLDBERG
WILLIAM, I'M WORRIED ABOUT WILLIE - I'LL CA DOCTOR MEGAPULE
O, I'M ALRIGHT - I HATE DOCTORS
HELLO, IS DOCTOR MSUARGLE THERE?
NO. HE'S OUT OF TOWN
DAD, I KNOW A YOUNG DOCTOR BY THE NAME OF SWEET WHO IS A WONDER
I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T LIKE DOCTORS - BUT I'LL CALL HIM UP BECAUSE I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOUR COLD
ALL RIGHT - DOCTOR SWEET WILL BE RIGHT OVER
THANKS
I'M DOCTOR SWEET
O, DOCTOR I FEEL GRAND ALREADY
MOTHER, I THINK I'M GETTING A BAD COLD

# Boob McNutt


O, MY POOR TWINS WHO WERE KIDNAPED TWENTY YEARS AGO!
BOOB, I GUESS I'D BETTER STAY WITH MANDY AS OUR ADOPTED SON YOU OUGHT TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE BUSINESS AFFAIRS OF THE FAMILY - YOU SHOULD HAVE SOME BUSINESS EXPERIENCE
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, PAPA
HERE, TAKE THIS SATCHEL TO MY SAFE DEPOSIT BOX IN TOWN - IT CONTAINS $50,000 IN STOCKS AND BONDS
DON'T WORRY - I'LL SHOW YOU I'M A BUSINESS MAN
MY GOODNESS, THE POOR LITTLE BIRD HAS ONLY ONE WING AND IT'S LIABLE TO GET RUN OVER - MY HEART GOES OUT TO DUMB ANIMALS
PEEP
THERE, YOU POOR SWEET THING - I'LL PUT YOU UP HERE OUT OF HARM'S WAY
PEEP
IT MAKES ME FEEL FINE TO DO A GOOD DEED LIKE THAT
HIRAM, I FOUND THIS SATCHEL LYING IN THE ROAD - IT'S GOT YOUR INITIALS ON IT
PAPA, I SAW A POOR LITTLE HELPLESS BIRD WITH ONLY ONE WING SO I STOPPED AND -
NEVER MIND, NEVER MIND - TAKE THIS SATCHEL AND TRY TO KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU
HELLO, BOOB
WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T COUSIN SLOUCH! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN YEARS
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THE NEWS, COUSIN SLOUCH? I'VE BEEN ADOPTED BY A RICH, OLD COUPLE NAMED HIRAM AND MANDY
GIDDAP!
HIRAM, THIS SATCHEL HAS YOUR INITIALS ON IT SO I GUESS IT'S YOURS - I FOUND IT ON THE BACK OF MY WAGON AFTER I DROVE FORTY MILES OUT INTO THE COUNTRY I HAVE NO IDEA HOW IT GOT THERE
THANKS - I THINK I CAN GUESS
© 1927, by Star Company
LISTEN, PAPA, I MET MY COUSIN SLOUCH ON THE ROAD AND ONLY STOPPED A MINUTE TO TALK TO HIM AND -
NEVER MIND - COME IN HERE
HIRAM, THE CLOTHES LINE IS GONE
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, MANDY - IT'LL TURN UP LATER

BILL
BY
RUBE GOLDBERG
WILLIAM, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF GRANDPA-MOTHER AND I ARE GOING TO THE MOVIES
WHY WISH HIM ON ME?
I'M SORRY, GRANDPA-BUT I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A YOUNG LADY
I'LL GO ALONG
I PUT THE OLD BOY IN BACK WITH MARGIE JUST TO KID HIM ALONG
YOU KNOW, I LIKE YOUR EYES
MAY I HAVE THE NEXT DANCE?
SURE
GORGEOUS!
THIS IS THE FOURTH DANCE THEY'VE HAD TOGETHER AND THEY DON'T SEEM TO KNOW I'M ALIVE
WILLIAM, YOU SHOULDN'T BE SORE JUST BECAUSE I MADE YOU LOOK AFTER GRANDPA TONIGHT-OLD FOLKS DESERVE SOME CONSIDERATION
ALL RIGHT, MARGIE-TOMORROW NIGHT AT EIGHT

# Boob McNutt

I'M AFRAID I'LL NEVER STOP GRIEVING UNTIL OUR POOR KIDNAPED TWINS ARE FOUND
BUT, MANDY, THAT HAPPENED TWENTY YEARS AGO - OUR ADOPTED SON BOOB WILL TAKE THEIR PLACE NOW
PGGLE WOPE
1
POOR MANDY HAS BEEN GRIEVING OVER THE LOST TWINS FOR TWENTY YEARS
PAPA, I'LL GO INTO TOWN AND CONSULT THE GREAT DETECTIVE, I. SNOOP
2
GOOD LUCK, BOOB-SPARE NO EXPENSE-I'M SURE DETECTIVE SNOOP WILL BE ABLE TO HELP US OUT
LEAVE IT TO ME, PAPA
DETECTIVE SNOOP MY ADOPTED PARENTS' TWINS WERE KIDNAPED TWENTY YEARS AGO - YOU'LL BE WELL PAID IF YOU CAN FIND THEM-THEY WERE A YEAR OLD AT THE TIME
4
I'LL GET MY GREAT BRAIN WORKING IN A MINUTE - I NEVER FAIL - AH, I HAVE! - I'LL ADVERTISE IN THE PAPER
I CAN ALMOST HEAR THE MACHINERY WORKING
5
IT'S A SIMPLE CASE - I'LL SAY A RICH OLD COUPLE IS GRIEVING AND WAITING FOR THE RETURN OF THE LONG-LOST TWINS - I'LL ASK THE TWINS TO BE IN THE PARK AT SIX THIS EVENING
WHAT A BRAIN, WHAT A BRAIN! I'LL GO BACK AND TELL THE FOLKS THE GOOD NEWS
6
7
LOST AND FOUND
WILL THE TWINS WHO HAVE BEEN AWAY FROM HIRAM AND MANDY FOR TWENTY YEARS APPEAR AT THE PARK AT SIX O'CLOCK THIS EVENING? NO QUESTIONS WILL BE ASKED AND THERE WILL BE A LARGE REWARD FOR EVERYBODY CONCERNED - BOYS, BE THERE AND MAKE THE OLD COUPLE HAPPY.
I. SNOOP, DETECTIVE AGCY.
LOST - ONE GOLD NECKTIE PIN ON VOYAGE BETWEEN AFRICA & CHINA
8
JUST THINK, FOLKS - YOU'LL SEE YOUR TWINS IN FIFTEEN MINUTES
I'M SO THRILLED I CAN HARDLY WAIT
9
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10
I. SNOOP DETECTIVE
BOOB, FOR ONCE SOMEONE HAS BEEN DUMBER THAN YOU - HERE, TAKE THIS HAMMER IN THERE AND USE IT THE RIGHT WAY
THIS IS NEW TO ME - I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ON THE RECEIVING END
MEANING "CONGRATULATIONS BOOB"
PIN UG YOU
11

BILL
BY
RUBE
GOLDBERG
I THINK I'LL GIVE YOUR SON, WILLIAM, A JOB HERE IN THIS OFFICE - I'LL STOP ON THE WAY DOWN AND PICK YOU BOTH UP IN THE MORNING
O, THANKS, BOSS
MA, THE BOSS IS GOING TO GIVE WILLIAM A JOB - IT WILL MAKE A MAN OF HIM
I'M SORRY WILLIE ISN'T HOME YET TO RECEIVE THE GOOD NEWS
CAME THE DAWN
GET UP, WILL AM - THE BOSS WILL BE HERE IN A MINUTE TO TAKE US TO WORK
MAY I HAVE THE NEXT DANCE?
GOOD-MORNING - IS YOUR SON READY YET?
SURE, I'LL GET HIM - I WOKE HIM UP AN HOUR AGO
GET UP, YOU BUM!
AW, JUST ONE LITTLE KISS
YOU'VE KEPT ME WAITING TWO HOURS - I DON'T WANT ANY LAZY BUMS WORKING IN MY OFFICE - YOU'RE FIRED, TOO
DAD, DID YOU WANT ME TO GET UP?
NOT NOW - I'LL FIX IT SO YOU'LL HAVE A REAL LONG SLEEP

# Boob McNutt

CIRCUS
SEE THE WONDERFUL FREAKS
HAM AND EGGS, THE MIDGET DWARFS - ONIONETTA THE STRONG LADY - MLLE. ALFALFA, THE BEARDED LADY — 50¢
LISTEN, PAPA - MANDY IS STILL GRIEVING OVER THE TWINS WHO WERE KIDNAPED TWENTY YEARS AGO - I'LL GET THE TWIN DWARFS FROM THE CIRCUS AND TELL HER THEY ARE HER LONG-LOST SONS
I'LL PAY 'EM WELL
MANDY WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE AND IT WILL MAKE HER HAPPY
SAY, WOULD YOU AND YOUR BROTHER LIKE TO BE ADOPTED BY A RICH FAMILY?
MY BROTHER IS LYING DOWN OVER IN HIS TENT - BUT I'LL ASK MY WIFE ABOUT IT
HAM AND EGGS, MIDGET DWARFS
THIS IS MY WIFE, THE STRONG LADY - GO AHEAD AND ASK HER
NO!
WHERE'S THE OTHER TWIN DWARF?
OVER THERE
HELLO - I JUST TALKED TO YOUR BROTHER ON BUSINESS BUT HIS WIFE BUTTED IN - MAYBE I CAN EXPLAIN MY VISIT TO YOU
WE PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT BUSINESS - WAIT A MINUTE
O, JENNY!
MEET MY WIFE, THE BEARDED LADY SHE TRANSACTS ALL MY BUSINESS
NO!
PAPA, I CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT THOSE DWARFS - I DON'T THINK MUCH OF THE IDEA
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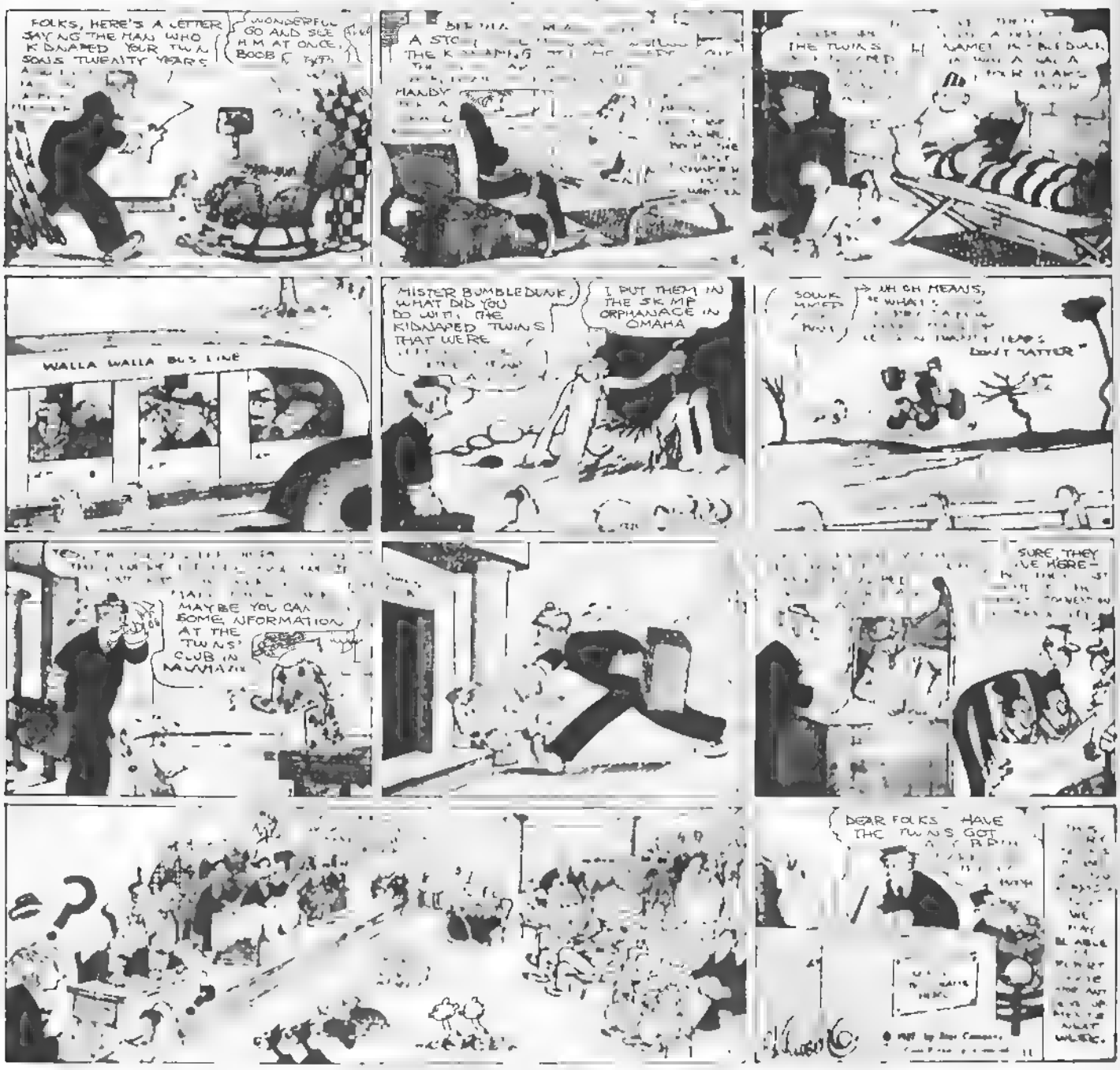
BILL
BY
RUBE
GOLDBERG
WILLIAM YOUR MOTHER AND I ARE GOING OUT AND WE'LL LEAVE YOU
AW, GEE, DAD - AND I HAD A SWELL DATE, TOO
THIS IS A RAW DEAL - GUESS THERE'S NOTHING
HEY, SHUT UP!
POP, WERE YOU HIT BY A TAXI?
HAVEN'T FIGURED IT OUT

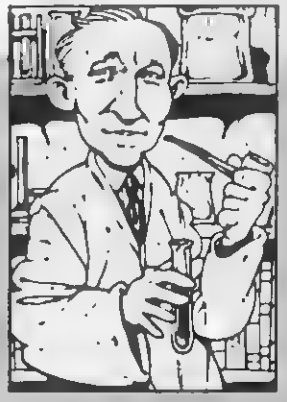
## Boob McNutt


FOLKS, HERE'S A LETTER SAYING THE MAN WHO KIDNAPED YOUR TWIN SONS TWENTY YEARS
WONDERFUL GO AND SEE HIM AT ONCE, BOOB
WALLA WALLA BUS LINE
MISTER BUMBLEDUNK, WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE KIDNAPED TWINS THAT WERE
I PUT THEM IN THE SKIMP ORPHANAGE IN OMAHA
SOUR MUSH
UH OH MEANS, "WHAT'S
DON'T MATTER"
MAYBE YOU CAN SOME INFORMATION AT THE TWINS' CLUB IN MILWAUKIN
SURE, THEY LIVE HERE -
DEAR FOLKS - HAVE THE TWINS GOT

# The Best Work
# By The Best Cartoonists In The World...

GILBERT HERNANDEZ

JAIME HERNANDEZ

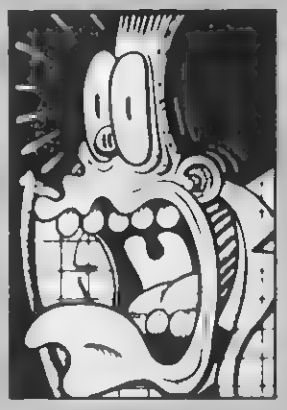


RICK GEARY

FRIEDMAN BROTHERS

STAN SAKAI

E.C. SEGAR



PETER BAGGE

WM. MESSNER-LOEBS

STEVE DITKO

HAL FOSTER

MUNOZ & SAMPAYO

ROBERT CRUMB

# From The Best Comics Publisher In The U.S.

## At Fantagraphics Books, Comics Isn't A Commodity. It's An Art.

# Twelve Angry Men

It was building up for a while, in society, in politics, in cartooning. Radicalism had its roots in many places. Homegrown or borne by immigrants, it fed upon grievances real and imagined, and was manifested in challenges to existing systems, and fresh departures in new directions. . . .

by Richard Marschall

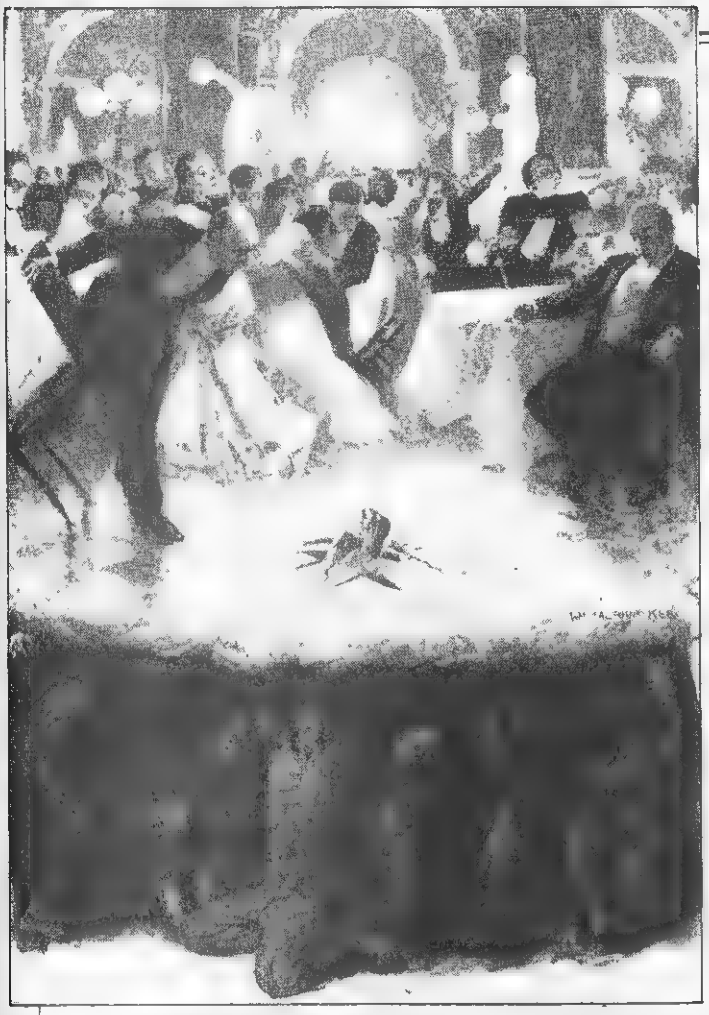
In cartooning, *Puck* and *Life* magazines around 1905 began to publish cartoons that did not aim for the funnybone: they were sardonic cartoons dealing with matters of conscience, editorial cartoons masquerading as gags; but the laughter evoked was bitter. Political cartoons in the Hearst papers, too, were walking a line between reformism and radicalism.

As Socialism made inroads in urban and intellectual life, cartoonists were touched. Art Young, who had drawn cartoons urging death for the Haymarket anarchists, and who had boosted William McKinley, found himself supporting Socialists—and later Communists—for office. Strangely enough, Young also drew, simultaneously, for the *Saturday Evening Post*. But *many* cartoonists had double lives of sorts. Mainstream illustrators and painters like Anton Otto Fischer, Adolf Dehn, and Albert Sterner drew for the radical *Masses* monthly; and, later, for the Communist *New Masses*, cartoonist A. Redfield was representative of commercial cartoonists who vented their politics on the side (Redfield was actually *New Yorker* and King Features cartoonist Syd Hoff).

A man who can be regarded as the founding father of American radical cartooning (as opposed to the rich tradition of liberal reformers like Thomas Nast and Joseph Keppler) has hardly been noted in any histories. Ryan Walker drew for left-wing publications and was an inspiration to many of the cartoonists in this portfolio.

After him in importance as a wellspring for the radical tradition was not a man but a magazine—*The Masses*.

Founded in 1911 by Dutch Socialist Piet Vlag and parlor socialist Rufus Weeks, who funded it, *The Masses* was originally a polemical magazine heavy on type and short on humor, devoted to panaceas like consumer cooperatives. It died, broke and hardly mourned, the next year. But staff members and contributors got together and agreed to continue the magazine. It was reorganized as a cooperative itself; Max Eastman was recruited as editor, and its political parameters were stretched to the vanishing point. Arguments, debates, theses, and



**An early, classic protest cartoon. William Balfour Ker's "Up from the Depths" ran in *Life* in 1906 and as a frontispiece for John Ames Mitchell's *The Silent Hour*.**

theories abounded in its pages, running the gamut from liberal to radical to anarchist. Free verse and free love were debated at memorable staff meetings, and in the *Masses'* pages. Some of the greatest names of their time—and important artists and writers and poets of the next generation—were attracted to its pages.

Most importantly, perhaps, was the aesthetic vision that accompanied the political agenda of the magazine. Eastman and John Sloan, unofficial art editor (many of the Armory Show and Ashcan School artists were contributors) desired to fashion an American version of stunning European magazines like Munich's *Jugend* and Paris's *L'Assiette au Buerre,* both of which combined iconoclastic bombast and top-grade design and production values.

So the *Masses* became a strange hybrid of material aimed at those with grimy hands, but written in an intellectual's prose. It was *for* the masses, but—no matter how much the staff would have protested the designation—*by* a cultural elite. This was a golden age, not just of American journalism, but of a specialized branch of cartooning as well.

For the *Masses* crowd (detractors called them "them Asses Crowd") was indeed an influential group of cartoonists, even affecting a generation of cartoonists who were liberal but only side-by-side at artistic, not political, barricades with the cartoonists in this portfolio. Such artists would include Rollin Kirby, Edmund Duffy, Daniel Fitzpatrick, and even Herblock. The most obvious affinity was in the cartoonist's tools and media, and *Masses* artists championed the grease-crayon look that broke with the prevailing pen-and-ink crosshatch technique of newspaper editorial cartoonists. It harkened back to the lithographs of Keppler and Gillam, but owed more to the Europeans Steinlen and Forain.

The *Masses* will be profiled more as an institution in a future issue of *NEMO*, but for the purpose of this portfolio's introduction we can state that early *Masses* cartoons focused on social issues, and after 1914 dealt heavily with the international situation and war-politics. In 1917 the magazine was closed down by the administration of the supposed liberal Woodrow Wilson, and several staffers were indicted for treason and obstruction of the war effort. After the trial the staff merely reorganized under a new monthly, *The Liberator.*

But American radicalism, so fresh and—for many of its cartooning adherents—so delightfully Bohemian, was already losing its innocence. Coincident with the *Liberator*'s founding was the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia. Most staffers, including John Reed, who sped to the streets of Petrograd, became boosters of Lenin's government. But soon a long-dreamed of Marxist state also had its sobering side, and many cartoonists lost their revolutionary fervor as Lenin's nature, and Communist policies, became known. Artists left, but the *Liberator* grew even more leftist. So, too, did the *New Masses*, rising like a Phoenix, albeit a lockstep Stalinist one. The *Daily Worker*, official voice of the Communist Party USA, obviously mirrored the Stalinist line through the 1930s, and frequently engaged in arcane party squabbles over matters like the Lovestonite heresy. In the early 1940s, of course, the paper warmly supported Franklin Roosevelt.

But it is an earlier period of American radical cartooning that is the focus of this portfolio, from 1905-1935. Until 1920 it was a period of intense personal freedom, of private crusades and public indignation. There was indeed a spirit of Bohemianism that accompanied the attacks and advocacies—and most of all a sense of humor, even beneath the angry cartoons. These cartoonists were happy warriors.

From 1920 to 1935, radical cartooning is also interesting to study because of its changed nature. Cartoonists worked under fewer illusions. . .and far greater discipline. Instead of no government to which loyalty was earned, there was indeed a government whose edicts dictated cartoonists' work. Nevertheless it was a time of sincerity and no less of artistic commitment: the cartoons continued strong and forceful, brilliantly executed.

While we cannot question artists' idealism or sincerity after 1935, it can be stated that the last shreds of innocence from the earlier Greenwich Village days were lost after 1935. With revelations of Stalin's mass liquidations of millions, with the Hitler-Stalin pact, with blatant infiltration of the American government, the next generation of cartoonists in this tradition were no longer romantic radicals but totalitarians. The freedom exalted in riotous *Masses* staff meetings were replaced by a grim, murderous party line with venom reserved for lax friends more than for common opponents.

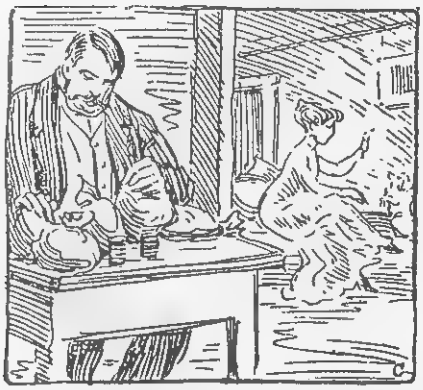
The cartoonists in the following portfolio have been chosen as the most effective, and most influential, cartoonists of this golden age of radical cartoons. Many of their causes are dead, but many of their complaints are unresolved yet today. They are a rare breed of totally dedicated partisans who frequently quit well-paying jobs with establishment newspapers in order to follow their convictions. But they also maintained high artistic standards, and left us a legacy of powerful cartooning masterpieces.

—REM

## A LITTLE WORKINGMAN

**There was a little workingman who made a big gun,**
**And the bullets were made of lead;**
**And he went on a strike and stood in front of that gun**
**And got a hole shot through his head.**

## BIG BIZ



**Big Biz in the parlor, counting out his boodle;**
**His wife is in the drawing room playin' with her poodle;**
**You are workin' like a mule, contented as a clam,**
**And everything is lovely and you don't give-a-dam.**

## JACK AND JILL

**Jack and Jill plowed up the hill**
**With blisters on their feet,**
**To raise a crop for an idle fop**
**Who lived on easy street.**

## RYAN WALKER (1870-1932)

Born in Springfield, Kentucky, Ryan Walker did his first cartooning work for papers in Kansas City, St. Louis (where young George McManus drew under him), and Boston; he also drew for *Life* and *Judge*. Around 1904 he was converted to radical politics, and had his work syndicated by the international Syndicate of Baltimore to radical papers. He created a comic strip starring Henry Dubb, a naive laborer who never awoke to Socialism. But Walker's most important work occurred when he signed on with the Socialist papers published in Girard, Kansas, such as *Appeal to Reason* and *The Coming Nation*. Kansas has seemed conservative since Dorothy and Toto, and Alf Landon, but was once a traditional bed of radicalism. John Brown and Mary Ellen Lease—who urged farmers to raise less corn and more hell—were two of the state's children, and Ryan Walker walked in their steps. His cartoons out of Kansas attracted national attention, and Walker became a hero to a whole generation of radical cartoonists. He eventually became the editor of the New York *Call*, a Socialist paper, and in the 1920s was art director and magazine editor on the sensationalistic tabloid *The Graphic;* he was also, for years, the official cartoonist for the Lambs Club of actors in New York City.

Cartoons and background in this portfolio are from several sources: *The Masses*, a catalogue published by Yale University Art Gallery (1985) *Thirty-Six Years—A Selection of Drawings From The Worker* (1960), and the collections of Richard Marschall and Art Spiegelman.

**WAR — "You'll have to join the ranks and do your own fighting; the workers have refused to go to battle."**
**CAPITALISM AND ROYALTY — "You are fired!"**

## ART YOUNG (1866-1944)

Born in Wisconsin, Art Young studied in Chicago, New York, and Paris before cartooning for several Chicago newspapers including the innovative *Inter-Ocean*, where some of the first colored cartoons in American newspapers were his. Young became an established fixture on the three leading cartoon weeklies of the age, *Puck*, *Judge*, and *Life*. As a freelancer he was to have the most incredibly varied list of clients of any cartoonist—from the conservative *Saturday Evening Post* and the Hearst papers during their right-wing days, to the *Masses*, *New Masses*, *Liberator*, *The Big Stick* (a Socialist Yiddish Sheet), and his own magazines including *Good Morning*. It was on the radical magazines that Young made his very substantial mark on American cartooning. He was the social leader of a number of increasingly radical cartoonists in Greenwich Village, and the moving spirit behind much of the *Masses'* activity (it was he who herded the staff together when the monthly died its first death in 1912). He was a cartoonist with an individual style—thick, wet lines and woodcut-like shading—and a devastating talent for political statements, both traits combining to make him enormously influential with the public of his day as well as with cartoonists even two generations later.

System

**Having Their Fling**

**"Chee, Annie, look at de stars — thick as bed-bugs!"**

Wall Street's Harvest

The Unemployed

## ROBERT MINOR (1884-1952)

Born in San Antonio, the son of a judge and descended from Colonial stock, Bob Minor first drew for the *San Antonio Gazette* before moving to Joseph Pulitzer's *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. There he drew clever cartoons in an amiably bubble-style of pen and ink. Increasingly, however, he utilized the lithographic grease crayon and brush, and evinced his stylistic and philosophical affinity with Daumier and Goya. His cartoons became smudgy and impressionistic . . . and increasingly left-wing (he became a Socialist in 1907). He switched to Pulitzer's sister paper, the *New York World*, the most influential paper in America, only to abandon the job to cartoon for the Socialist New York *Call*, one of the city's smallest papers. By his powerful conceptions and his memorable drawing style, Bob Minor became one of the most influential cartoonists in American history, with Daniel Fitpatrick, Jacob Burck, Fred Ellis, Ed Duffy, Ross Lewis, Tom Little, Boardman Robinson, Clive Weed, and many other crayon artists his stylistic heirs. Minor, whose study in Paris was financed by Joseph

**ARMY MEDICAL EXAMINER: "At last a perfect soldier!"**

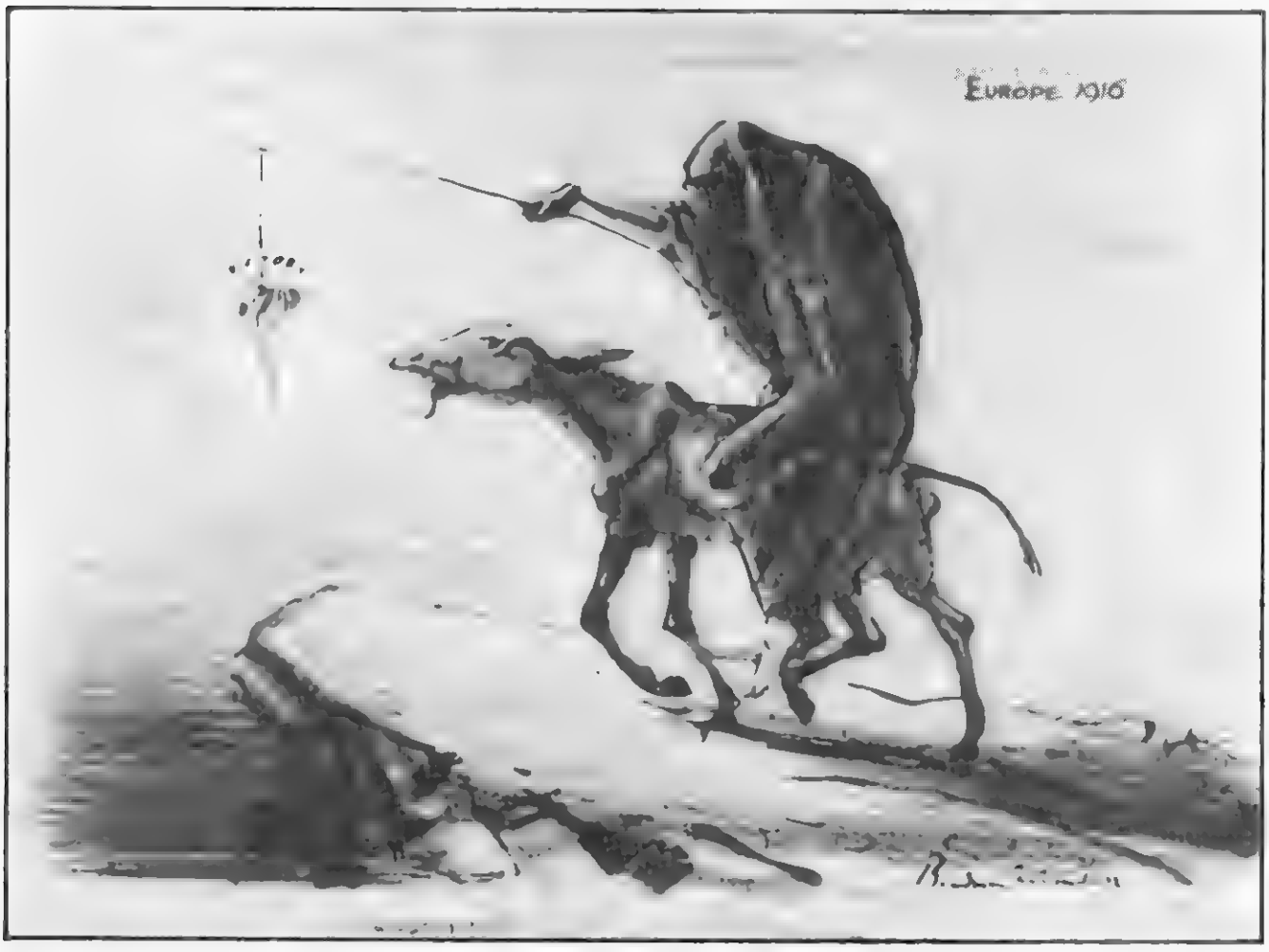
Fulton (1890-1981) drummed in the 'teens but then became a devoted Communist. He was one of the founders of the CPUSA in 1919 and in the 1930s ran for federal office as a Party member. Minor noted that Aristotle regarded man as a political animal, and he regarded cartoonists as political artists; they are kin, he said, to the plain people, and comment on life from that viewpoint.

## MAURICE BECKER (1889-1975) *(See opposite, top)*

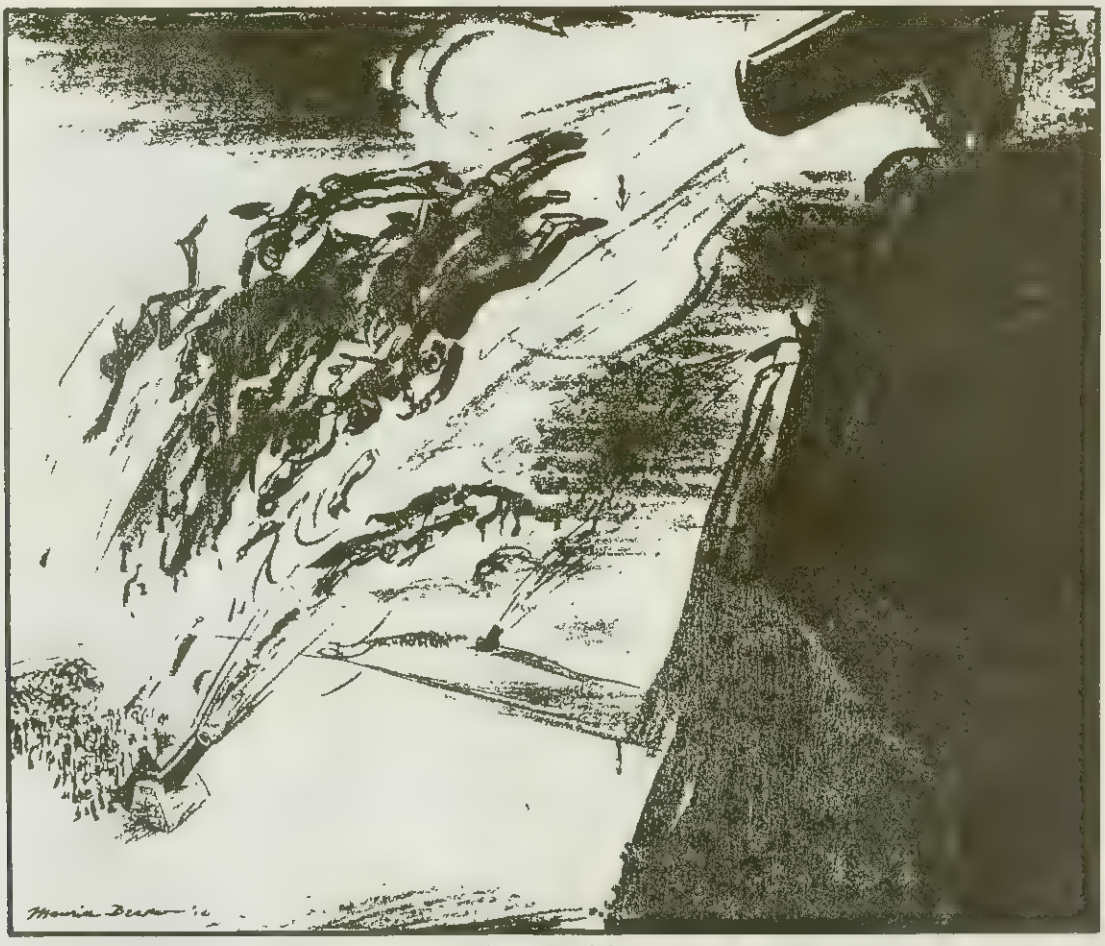
Born in Russia, Maurice Becker's family moved to Manhattan's lower east side when he was three. After studying art with John Sloan and Robert Henri, Becker worked as an illustrator and news artist with several newspapers and magazines in New York and Philadelphia. He joined the *Masses* staff in 1912 at the suggestion of Rockwell Kent, and was active amongst its strongest crayon-shading polemicists. He quit in 1916, with several other artists, in the heated, tempest-in-a-teapot "Artists' Strike" on the monthly. After his cartooning career Becker lived in Mexico (where he exhibited with Rivera), visited Russia, and established a reputation as a painter in the Max Weber manner.

## BOARDMAN ROBINSON (1876-1952)

Born in Nova Scotia, and trained in art schools in Canada, England, and Paris, Boardman Robinson joined the staff of the New York *Morning Telegraph* in 1907. He soon switched to the *Tribune*, one of the nation's most influential papers, ironically at a time that he was daily growing more radical. He left the Republican organ in 1914 to draw for *Puck* (then relatively avant-garde) and the *Masses*. He travelled with John Reed to Mexico for the *Metropolitan* magazine, and later to Europe during the First World War, trips from which two books resulted. The late 'teens and early 1920s were Robinson's most radical period, when he drew for *The Liberator* and *Harper's Weekly;* but thereafter his radicalism waned, and he pursued more purely artistic goals. He illustrated several novels, taught (at the Art Students League in New York, and at Colorado Springs), and executed murals for the RKO Building in New York and—symbolically reflecting a break with radical friends—the Department of Justice in Washington. During the 'teens, Robinson's work was unequalled for its force and graphic brilliance.




**Europe, 1916**



**Ammunition.**

## CLIVE WEED (1884-1936)

Born in upstate New York, Clive Weed studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts under Thomas P. Anshutz, and in Paris. Weed entered the growing world of newspaper editorial cartooning in 1910; most major dailies were now employing their own political cartoonists, and many artists were taking up the grease crayon in the style of Minor. Through the 'teens Weed drew for the *Record, Press,* and *Ledger* in Philadelphia; the *Sun* and *Tribune* in New York; and for the magazines *The New Republic, Collier's* and *The Nation.* In the Twenties he drew for *Leslie's Weekly* and *Judge;* he drew for the *New York World* just before it folded in 1930; and thereafter until his death he drew for King Features Syndicate. A mixed bag: *The World* was liberal, *Judge* was politically superficial, Hearst's press (King) was conservative—but Weed maintained a radical side to his career as well. He drew powerful cover portraits for the *Liberator* after the Masses transformation (of Liebknecht, Debs, Lincoln, and Lenin) and also drew for *The New Masses* and *The Daily Worker,* the Communist newspaper.

## JOHN SLOAN (1871-1951)

Born in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, John Sloan studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts under Thomas E. Anshutz, and then drew cartoons, puzzles, news drawings and illustrations for Philadelphia newspapers, including the Press. Sloan became friends with other young artists/illustrators/cartoonists, all of whom shared Sloan's scratchy pen-and-brush style: William Glackens, Everett Shinn, Rollin Kirby, and Ernest Fuhr (Wallace Morgan and Henry Raleigh also drew in this mode). He also illustrated for prominent literary monthly magazines and tilted toward fine art. A new group of friends founded the Ashcan School of social realism; other members of the history-making "Eight" included Robert Henri, Arthur B. Davies, George Luks, Ernest Lawson, Maurice Prendergast, Shinn, and Glackens. Sloan's major contributions continued to be in fine arts in canvases and etching, but in 1912 he associated himself with yet another artistic circle, at the Mabels. Sloan became the unofficial art editor, and a dedicated Socialist, frequently running for office on the Socialist ticket. His political cartoons and his genre drawings were particularly effective. After the mid-1920s Sloan largely broke with radical politics.

Why don't they go to the country for a vacation?

## GEORGE BELLOWS (1882-1925)

Bellows was one of the artists who leaned more toward social-realism vignettes rather than captioned cartoons as a means of arguing points and cases. Born in Columbus, Ohio, he studied in New York with John Sloan and Robert Henri. Bellows illustrated for prominent newspapers and monthly magazines, and was elected the youngest member ever to the National Academy of Design in 1909; like many of the artists in this portfolio he exhibited in the Armory Show. For the *Masses* he contributed genre studies, usually on urban subjects. For a while he was an admirer of Emma Goldman, prominent anarchist, but became an active supporter of American participation in World War I, breaking with virtually all of his *Masses* friends. Bellows even served on the Wilson propaganda panel, the Division of Pictorial Publicity, Committee on Public Information. While his fellow cartoonists used lithographic crayons on grained paper, Bellows returned to the lithographic stone itself and was a leading figure in elevating lithography to fine-arts status.

**ADMIRAL: "Madam, this will make your son more helpful and better mannered."**

## KENNETH RUSSELL CHAMBERLAIN (1891-1984)

Born in Des Moines, K.R. Chamberlain studied at the Columbus Art School in Ohio, and at the Art Students League and under Henri at the Modern School of the Ferrer Center. His first *Masses* work appeared in 1913, and he drew for the radical monthly until its demise. His other major outlets during the 'teens were *Puck* (which also published Boardman Robinson) and *Harper's Weekly* before it turned conservative, as well as the New York *Sun, Collier's Weekly,* and *The Literary Digest;* in 1917-18 he drew for three different Philadelphia dailies. Chamberlain began his break with Socialism after World War I, when Russia dogmatized the coffee-house dreams of Bohemians, although he occasionally contributed to *The Liberator* and Art Young's paper *Good Morning* (signing these letter cartoons "Russell," so as to not offend his establishment employer of the time, the *Cleveland Press*). Among his later outlets were the New York papers *The World, Sun, American,* and *Herald-Tribune,* and the *Los Angeles Record; Photoplay* magazine, where he drew show-business gag cartoons; and King Features Syndicate between 1939 and 1945. Chamberlain eventually did artwork for the National Association of Manufacturers, which shows how far he broke with his radical roots, but did appear as a "witness" in the film *Reds* about John Reed.

**Bank Nite**

## WILLIAM GROPPER (1897-1977)

Born in New York City, the son of a tailor, William Gropper *(at right and opposite)* studied at the National Academy and under Robert Henri and George Bellows. His first cartoons were published in *The Masses* in 1917 and he continued drawing for the *Liberator,* and then,

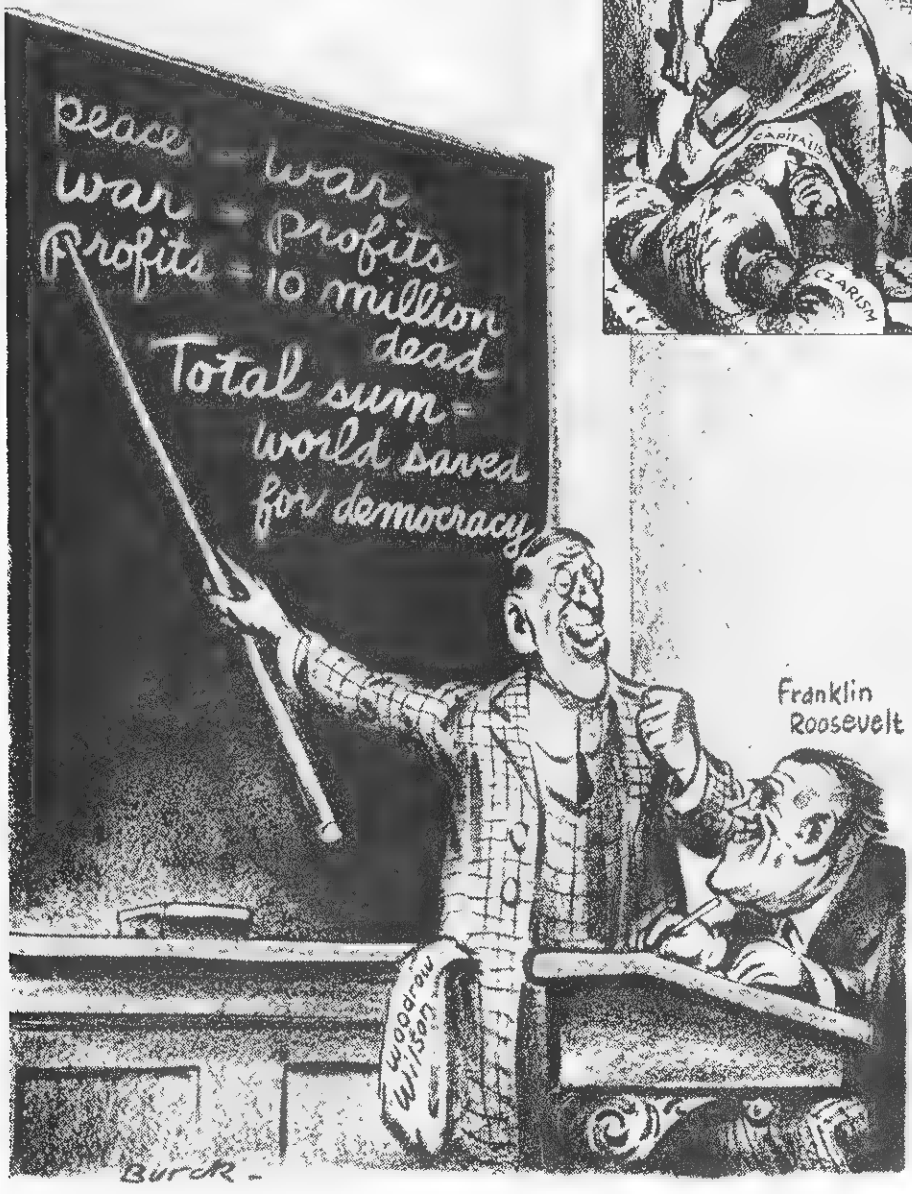
**The World We Live In**

ironically, for the conservative Republican New York *Tribune* in 1919. Gropper's earliest work consisted of line drawings of exaggerated figures in commentary on human nature. But soon he discovered the lithographic crayon and more radical subject matter. After the *Tribune* he drew for the Communist *Morning Freiheit* in New York, but his clients were always all across the map: from the *New York World* to the Communist press to the patrician *Vanity Fair* magazine. Likewise his media were eclectic—the grease crayon, actual stone lithographs, painted murals.

## JACOB BURCK (1904-1982)

The sole Pulitzer Prize winner amongst this portfolio's cartoonists, Jake Burck was born in Poland and moved to America when he was 10. He studied at the Art Students League under Boardman Robinson and the venerable illustrator Albert Sterner, whose protegé he became. He was soon drawing for the *Daily Worker* of the Communist Party and for the *New Masses*. Whittaker Chambers, in *Witness*, recalled Jake's 14th Street studio as a convivial hangout for artists and writers. Soon after his collection *Hunger and Revolt* was published in 1935, Jake was invited to the Soviet Union to execute murals. He returned to America disillusioned with Communism. In 1937 he joined the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and a year later joined the staff of the *Chicago Times*, where he won a Pulitzer in 1940. He remained, through mergers, on the *Sun-Times* until his death in 1982. His cartoons—especially during his radical period—paid conscious, joyful homage to his inspirations: Boardman Robinson, Bob Minor, and Fred Ellis.

**The Victor**



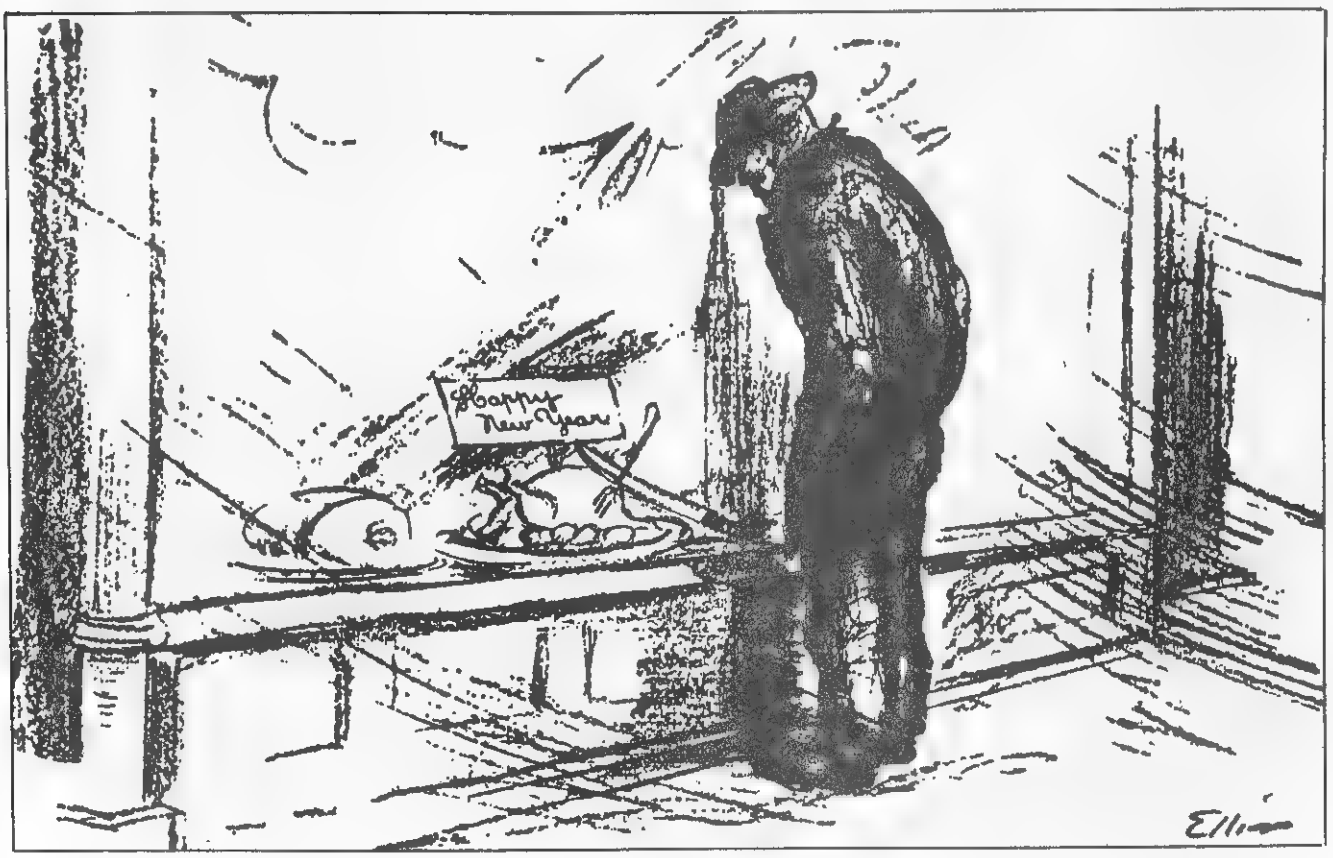

**An Apt Pupil**

## FRED ELLIS (1886-1965)

Born in Des Plaines, Illinois, Fred Ellis found work at age 14 in the many sprawling packing houses in nearby Chicago. After a prolonged strike in the meat-packing industry, Ellis got work as a sign painter and became involved with union activity in that work. He also took the Zim Correspondence School course and drifted into cartooning work. In 1924 he started contributing to the Communist *Daily Worker* upon its founding in Chicago, and moved with the paper to New York in 1927 as a permanent staffer. He continued to work for the *Daily Worker* and *The Worker* until his retirement in the mid-50s, interrupted by a six-year hiatus in the 1930s when he lived in the Soviet Union and drew for *Pravda*. Ellis was clearly influenced by Robert Minor in his style but in turn influenced others—as much for his dedication to his cause as his artistic style.

**Make Way for the Union**

"All your strength is in your union
All your danger is in discord."
Longfellow,
Song of Hiawatha



68 Panel discussions involving **Frank Miller, Roy Thomas, Julius Schwartz, Jim Shooter, Denny O'Neil,** more X-Men cover by **Kevin Nowlan**

70 **Frank Miller** interview and cover; a personal memoir of **Wally Wood** by Bhob Stewart; Marvel announces its royalty plan; "Pott Shots" more

71 **Peter Poplaski** Popeye-versus-the-Hulk cover **Mike Friedrich** interviewed and reviews of *Elfquest, Weirdworld,* and *The Wizard King*

72 **Neal Adams** is interviewed and provides a new cover, Plus Asterix, **Dr. Seuss**, *Elfquest*, **Stephen King's** *Danse Macabre* and more

73 **Carl Barks** is cover featured with a long retrospective **Curt Swan** is interviewed, and **Jim Starlin's** *The Death of Captain Marvel* reviewed

74 **Chris Claremont** and **Louise Jones** talk about The New Mutants; plus a debate with **Art Spiegelman** and **Francoise Mouly**, X-Men cover

75 **Jan Strnad** relates his "Brilliant Career at Marvel" Plus **John Byrne, Jack Jackson, Gil Kane** chat on various panels Cover by **Kevin Nowlan**

79 **Marv Wolfman** and **George Perez** speak, a Teen Titans cover by **Scott Hampton, Harlan Ellison,** *Dreadstar,* and What's Wrong With Marvel

80 The conclusion of the **Wolfman** and **Perez** interviews, **Carter Scholz** on *1994* and life and art as commodities *Little Orphan Annie*; and **Ellison**

81 **Bill Gaines** interview, with spectacular EC past che cover by **Bil Stout** Plus **Jan Strnad** on creator's rights, and **Bhob Stewart** on *Shock SuspenStories*

82 **Dave** and **Deni Sim** interviewed, the review of *Ronin*; **Barry Malzberg's** career reviewed by **Carter Scholz** and half a **Sim** Cerebus cover

83 The other half of the **Sim** cover, and of the interview **Ted White** points out **Rich Buckler's** plagiarisms at Red Circle, and **Ellison**

84 **Michael T. Gilbert** is interviewed, and provides a cover painting of Elric and the Wrath, plus **Harlan Ellison, Rick Marschall** and much more.

85 First half of the definitive **Robert Kanigher** interview; **Joe Kubert** cover **Jan Strnad** on rating the comics **Ellison**: *Ronin, Coyote* and more

88 The ratings debate escalates with two panels (involving **Jim Shooter, Mike Gold, Jan Strnad** more) and a hot editorial; plus *Killraven* reviewed

89 **Will Eisner** spotlighted, with two interviews (one including **Frank Miller**), an article, and a new Spirit cover, plus **Carter Scholz** on **Stanislaw Lem**

90 **Al Williamson** is cover featured in an interview, plus **Ellison** on Ed Asner, *Cerebus, RAW,* Howski Studios, Eclipse, Japanese comics, and more.

91 Special Convention Panels Issue, featuring **Gil Kane, Bill Sienkiewicz, Howard Chaykin, Harvey Kurtzman, Joe Kubert,** and many more.

92 Undergrounds issue, interviews with **Leonard Rifas** and **Gilbert Shelton,** and an article by **Denis Kitchen**; Marvel's original art controversy

93 Swamp Thing is spotlighted interviews with **Alan Moore, Steve Bissette,** and **John Totleben** Also the story behind Pacific's demise, and **Ellison**

94 Special Foreign Comics Issue including creators from Argentina Belgium, France, Italy, Japan and Malaysia! Invaluable reference

95 A candid interview with Captain Marvel's **C.C. Beck**, a Women in Comics panel **Howard Nostrand's** autobiography; and *Prince Valiant*

96 **Dale Luciano's** "Newaves" survey begins, with a great newave cover; an interview with **Howard Nostrand; Gary Groth** on European comics

97 **Harvey Pekar** is interviewed, written about, indexed, with an **R. Crumb** cover Plus the Miss Buxley controversy, **Shooter's** "little fucks" memo

98 A rare interview with **Alex Toth** with much rare art **Carter Scholz** on *Void Indigo* and the Alternative Comics Cadaver Derby

99 What's wrong with The X-Men anyway? Also, an interview with **Arn Saba**, Archie Comics, and the premiere of **Scott Edelman's** "Ethics" column

101 **Frank Miller** is interviewed and provides a cover of Robin Plus **Mike Gold** and **Jan Strnad** on *Shatter*, and "Summer Reading of the Pros"

102 **Harold Foster's** final interview by **Arn Saba** with *Prince Valiant* cover Interview with **Ray Zone** and the world of **Basil Wolverton**

103 **Michael Wm. Kaluta** is interviewed, and provides a *Starstruck/Shadow* cover Plus a debate between **Harlan Ellison** and **Stan Lee**, more

104 Chats with **Skip Williamson** and **Justin Green**, R.C. Harvey psychoanalyzes comics, **Carter Scholz** on *Savage Tales*, death in the industry

105 Special issue devoted to **Jack Kirby's** battle with Marvel over his original art **Frank Miller, Gil Kane, Wendy Pini, Ken Smith** speak out!

106 A Weird-O issue, featuring an interview with (and jam cover by) **R. Crumb** and **Peter Bagge** Plus Fredric Wertham, John Byrne off the FF, more

107 **Bill Sienkiewicz** is interviewed *Elektra* cover Plus Scott Edelman on sexual discrimination Dwight Decker on Superman vs. the Nazis, and more

108 In-depth interview with **Milton Caniff** complete "Corto Maltese" episode by **Hugo Pratt**, plus reviews of *Hell on Earth The Shadow*, more

109 **Howard Chaykin** speaks out in an extensive interview Also the dark side of the Dark Knight, Carter Scholz on *Flagg!*, and a letter from C.C. Beck

110 **Mike Baron** spills his guts, with a **Steve Rude** cover; a big section on the **Jack Kirby** art controversy, **R. Fiore** savages the Fantagraphics line

111 **Howard Cruse** talks about cartooning & being gay **Dan Day** speaks, the plight of a Soviet cartoonist, an examination of **McGregor** and myths

112 **Mark Evanier's** gigantic interview begins, cover by **Mitch Schauer C.C. Beck** complains about *Man of Steel* and **R. Fiore** on the New Universe

113 Jam cover and dialogue between **R. Crumb** and **Gil Kane**, **Evanier** continues **Harvey Pekar** on *Maus* and **R. Fiore** on censorship

# BACK ISSUES

77 The debate over **Frank Miller** continues an interview with **Max Allan Collins**, Ted White talks about *Daredevil* and drugs and a review of the *Journal!*

78 **Gil Kane** cover and feature article an interview with *Epic's* **Archie Goodwin, Chris Claremont** and **Frank Miller** discuss Wolverine

86 Cover feature on *Tintin's* **Herge**, more of the **Kanigher** interview **Kenneth Smith** on *Love and Rockets* and *RAW*; and the new comics vigilantes

87 Anti-fight scenes article, with big, funny fight scene cover by **Don Rosa**, also, interviews with **Phil Yeh** and **George Metzger**

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**#38:** Major **Gil Kane** interview; **Dwight R. Decker** on *Asterix*. Kane *Star Hawks* cover

**#40:** Interview with **Jim Shooter**; **John Benson** on **Art Spiegelman**.

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**#43:** **Neal Adams** interviewed; Bakshi's *Lord of the Rings*; **Scott Edelman** with "Bullpen Bull."

**#46:** **Eisner** interview, Pt. 1; *Spirit* cover painting by Eisner; **Denny O'Neil** on *A Contract With God*.

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**#58:** **Pasko, Shooter, Wein, Wolfman,** and **Evanier** discuss comics writing; cover by **Miller**.

**#59:** *Heavy Metal* editor **Ted White** interviewed; covers by **Ken Macklin** and **Dennis Fujitake**

**#60:** **Shooter** interview; **Hembeck** cover; the legacy of EC comics; *RAW* magazine.

**#61:** Interviews with **Roy Thomas** and **Jack Jackson**; covers by **Kane** and **Miller/Austin**.

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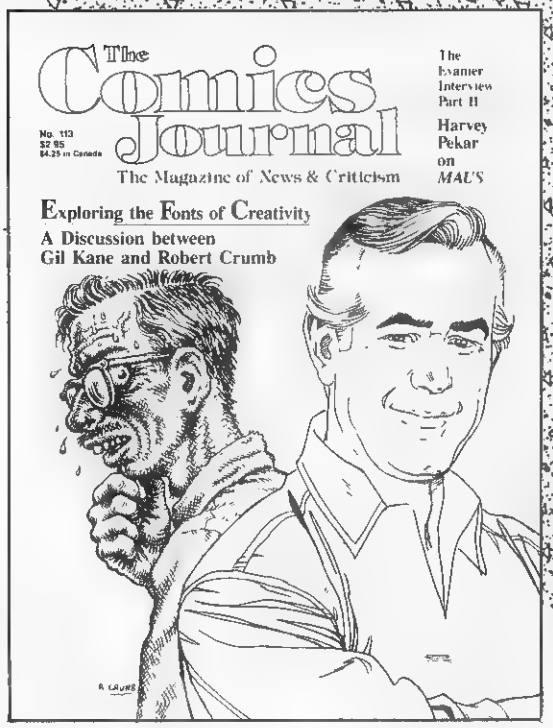
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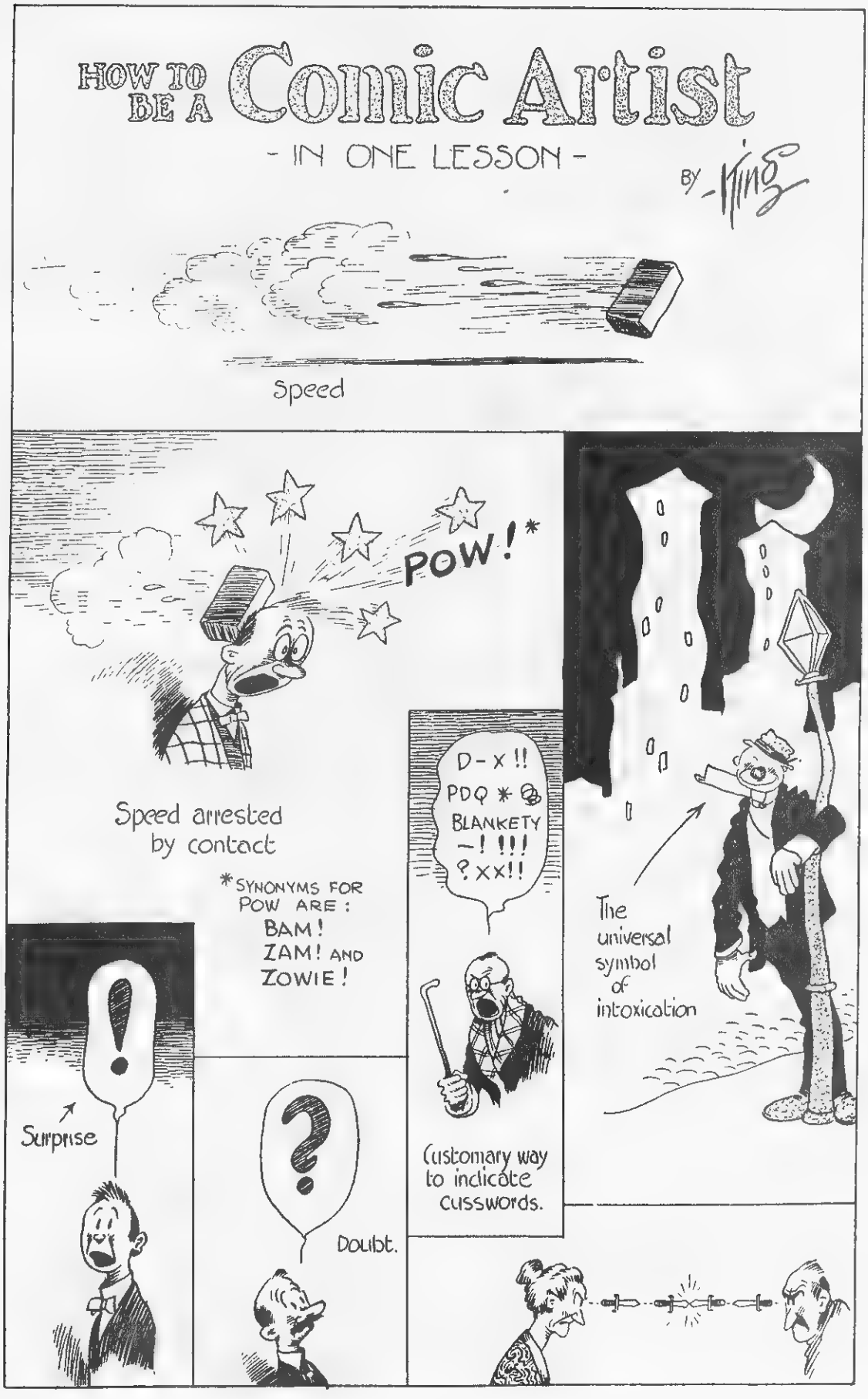
HOW TO BE A Comic Artist
- IN ONE LESSON -
BY King
Speed
POW!*
Speed arrested by contact
*SYNONYMS FOR POW ARE: BAM! ZAM! AND ZOWIE!
D-X!!
PDQ * BLANKETY —! !!! ?XX!!
Customary way to indicate cusswords.
The universal symbol of intoxication
Surprise
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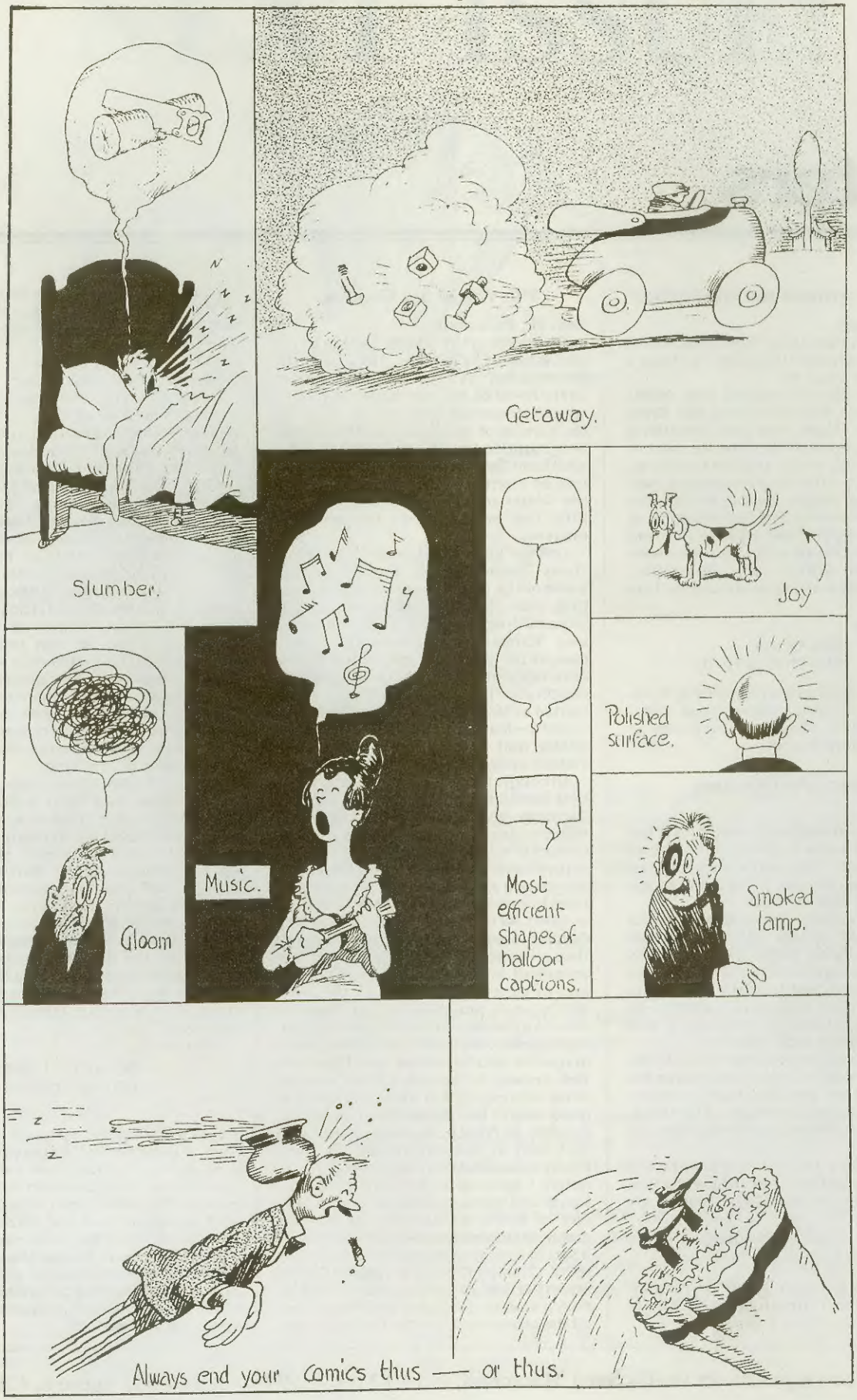
# by Frank King (1918)



# letters

## Beating Around the Bushmiller

Dear Richard,

What can I say about *NEMO* that hasn't been said already? It's great; I've been a subscriber since #1.

I would like to suggest that *NEMO* should do a feature on the late Ernie Bushmiller. There was just something about his artwork that was, for want of a better word, weird, and fun to look at. Those weird little houses peeking over the horizon, people leaning in from the sides of the panels, and the odd sense of humor, all made those old *Fritzi Ritz* and *Nancy* comics a lot of fun. I've never seen any articles written about Bushmiller, and I'd like to learn more about him. How about it?

Sincerely,

BOB SPINA
STATEN ISLAND, NY

*We are indeed planning a profile of Ernie Bushmiller in an upcoming issue, and a portfolio of his unique contributions to American Strip history.* —*REM*

## Tracy Post-Mortem

Dear Rick,

I have been wanting to write this letter to you ever since I had a chance to read my copy of #17, but editorial chores (due to my *Crimestopper's Textbook* magazine) have kept me busy.

*NEMO*, as I expect it is with any comics history buff, is my absolute favorite magazine. Never before has a regularly produced magazine with such a professional quality and format consistantly published fine, informative articles on the art of panelology. It is truly a rare treat to behold each issue.

As promised, your special tribute to the late great master Chester Gould was the most complete and analytically comprehensive magazine ever attempted. Chester Gould was a true gentleman and

replaced but I am confident that he will never be forgotten. Your tribute did him proud. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

TREVOR KIMBALL
HAVERHILL, MA

*Your words are appreciated. Mr. Kimball produces the* Crimestoppers Textbook *newsletter for* Tracy *fans.*

## Die Wacht am Comics

Dear Mr. Marschall,

Just reading the letters section in the last issue of *NEMO* (No. 18) I have the desire to tell you I regard your magazine as the *finest* of its kind—especially for its special features of vintage comics, in fact the comics of my youth. You'll be probably surprised to receive a letter of this kind from Germany; however, I started to find an interest in comics as early as in the winter of 1929/1930 when I was a little boy and stuck to the bed with measles.

Just to keep quiet and to keep me "busy" somehow, my mother bought some of the recent comic magazines, at that time the Austrian/German comic papers *Papagei (Parrot)*, *Kiebitz (Peewit)* and *Schmetterling (Butterfly)*. They caught on and I was fascinated by the drawings and stories. Those magazines—especially the large-sized *Papagei*—started in 1926 and lasted until 1941 and—oddly—featured late 1930s and early 1940s Walt Disney strips, and *Prince Valiant* under name of *Prinz Waldeman*.

Although the art of comic strips was first developed about 130 years ago in Germany (*Newruppiner Bilderbogen* and Wilhelm Busch), there were no German comics of any significance after the turn of the Century, except possibly the above-mentioned magazines and a dozen features in various magazines and books (up to 1941). All the people I met of the recent German comic scene are rather young; they all started in the late *1960s* to find an ardent interest in the art of comics and in general go "back" to the early 1950s when around 1951 the first US-comics appeared (in German) on the German market, especially the *Mickey Maus* magazine and *Superman* and *Phantom*. Well, anyway, in the early 1930s (because of my interest) I got in touch with the real good stuff, the American comics (in English, in French, in Italian languages and even in Spanish) thanks to many foreign classmates in my school. Fortunately I grew up in the rather international and cosmopolitan West of the big city of Berlin around the Kurfurstendamm (if this means something to you—a sort of avenue comparable to Broadway in NY, Champs-Elysées in Paris or Oxford Street in London). I've read *Flash Gordon, Prince Valiant, Terry and the Pirates* and all the others mainly from the beginning on, not to mention the books and stories of Walt Disney which I had complete up to 1940, however even mostly in French and Italian (*Topolino*).

But . . . you won't believe it . . . the great American comic magazines, or rather "funnies," were available at Berlin newsstands from 1936 up to December (!) 1939—which means four months after Germany had started the war *vs.* Poland, France and England. This way I bought many of the first issues of *The Comics, Funnies, Famous Funnies, Jumbo Comics* and *Mickey Mouse Magazine* plus some oddments like *Gang Busters* (1939), *Tip Top Comics* and of course the American Weekly newspapers with their Sunday comic pages. Although I still have some of the old stuff I'd wish I would have been more conscious to collect them "complete" at that time . . . however, looking back, this also was a matter of money for a half-grown boy. You see, despite some untrue horror tales about the "fenced in" years in Nazi Germany, there was a free access to the international press and also (another field) to jazz records of any kind.

I never lost track of the comics and even as a draftee—as a Navy sailor—during the war, I bought U.S. comics in occupied countries, especially in Denmark where the most recent U.S. comic strips were issued throughout the entire war. Although my taste is confined to the pre-1950 comics in general, I can consider myself as a sort of "pioneer comic fan" in Germany (I even drew my own comics in the 1930s to entertain my classmates). I'm glad I discovered the artistic value of comic art at a quite early stage and today I am glad there's *NEMO* available!

Sincerely,

HORST H. LANGE
BERLIN, GERMANY

*It's fascinating to learn of American comics' presence in Germany before and even during the War. Their influence in France and even Mussolini's Italy has been written about, but several writers have assumed that the Nazis banned comics during their first moments in power. Thank you for the insights. Herr Lange, by the way, stayed with Jazz as well as comics, being an internationally known authority and authoring several books on the subject.* —*REM*

**Send all correspondence to: Richard Marschall, c/o NEMO, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301.**

# NEXT ISSUE!

**A PIONEER INTERVIEWED!**— Edwina is remembered as the artist of the folksy classic *Cap Stubbs and Tippie*, a strip that ran between 1918 and 1965. The 93-year-old legend is interviewed by *NEMO* about her remarkable career. . . her wonderful strip, her first cartooning work more than 70 years ago, the great newsmakers and anonymous pups she has known through the years, and her pioneer position as a prominent female cartoonist. Exclusive to *NEMO*, with photos and many drawings!

**Rollin' on the River**— A complete *Cap Stubbs* adventure from 1937. ...an episode of dailies chronicling Cap and Tippie's adventures on a houseboat.

**Milton Caniff, Salesman**— Milt Caniff and Noel Sickles did some of their finest artwork of the Golden Age for comic-strip ads! *NEMO* #25 presents a portfolio of gorgeous, forgotten artwork huckstering for coffee substitutes and coconut flakes!

**Life in the Squirrel Cage**— Gene Ahern's place in comics history is assured through his W.C. Fields-like creation, Major Hoople. But he honed his talents years earlier on a variety of surreal and nonsense comics. *NEMO* #25 presents a profile, history, and portfolio of this nutty work.

**Eyewitness to Comics History**— *NEMO* inaugurates a new series in which important principals in the development of comics recall their accounts of important events and personalities. *NEMO* #25 features syndicate founder John Wheeler's reminiscences of the *Front-Page* era of newspaper work, of practical jokes and breathless scoops, of memorable cartoonists he knew.

**More**— Tom Inge recalls Coulton Waugh's *The Comics*. . . *Sam's Strip* continues to amaze your senses and your memories. . . Letters from readers. . . and much more!

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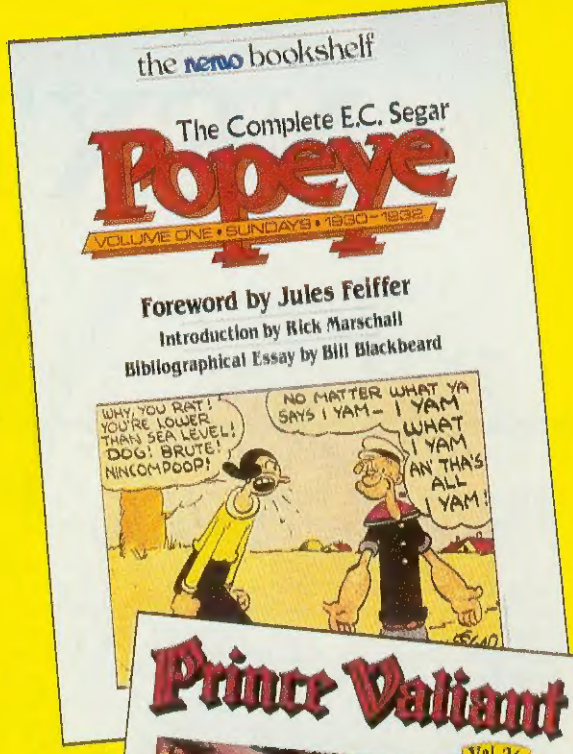
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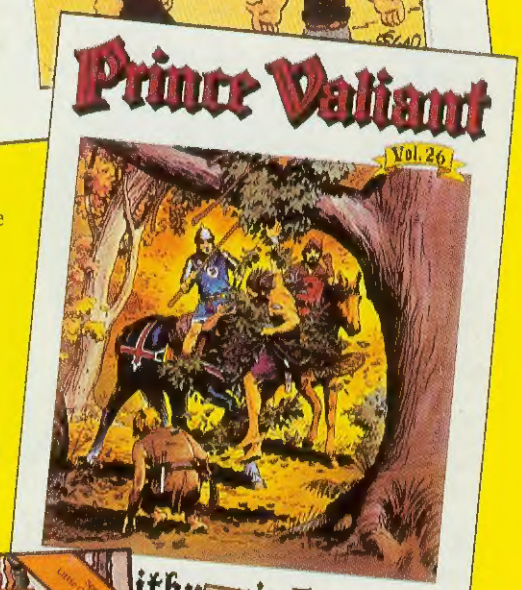


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